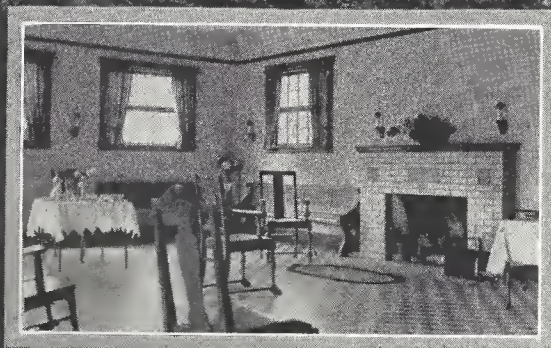




EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

The Union Pacific Coal Company.
Washington Union Coal Company.



1928

Worn Practically Every Day For Two Years!

(Re-soled Twelve Times)

Here is the actual photograph of a pair of Peters "Diamond Brand" Boots No. 4264 that were sold to Mr. Thos. Horn, a miner, three years ago in the U. P. Store at Winton. The shoes have been used for mine work practically every day for over two years. During this time the strong serviceable rosite leather uppers have had twelve new pairs of soles put on them. No wonder the customer came in and said, "Gimme another pair—just like the last ones."

Peters
"Diamond
Brand"
Shoes



Quality
Built
Into Every
Pair



Solid
Leather
Footwear



Built
to
Stand the
Grind

For That Built-in Quality

Call at any of our stores. We have "Diamond Brand" boots in several styles, as well as many other sturdy shoes for every day wear. There is service and satisfaction in every pair.

MR. E. R. JEFFERIS.....	Manager of All Stores
Rock Springs Store.....	MR. J. A. WILLIAMS, Mgr.
Winton Store.....	MR. M. H. MESSINGER, Mgr.
Reliance Store.....	MR. THOS. MARSHALL, Mgr.
Hanna Store.....	MR. G. E. BULLOCK, Mgr.
Superior Store.....	MR. CHAS. A. DEAN, Mgr.
Cumberland Store.....	MR. WALT JOHNSON, Mgr.

All 100% Strong For

PETERS "DIAMOND BRAND" SHOES

These Quality Lines

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in all

HIGH CLASS STORES

Broadmoor Dress Shirts
for MEN



Peter Piper Shirts and Blouses
for BOYS



Hunter Overalls
for MEN and BOYS



Smith - McCord - Townsend Dry Goods Co.,
KANSAS CITY, MO.

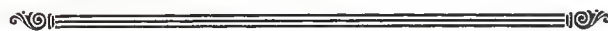
The Colorado Bedding Co.

DENVER, COLO.



MANUFACTURERS AND
WHOLESALEERS OF

FURNITURE & BEDDING



*Appreciates the Patronage
of*

The Union Pacific Coal Company Stores
AND
Their Customers

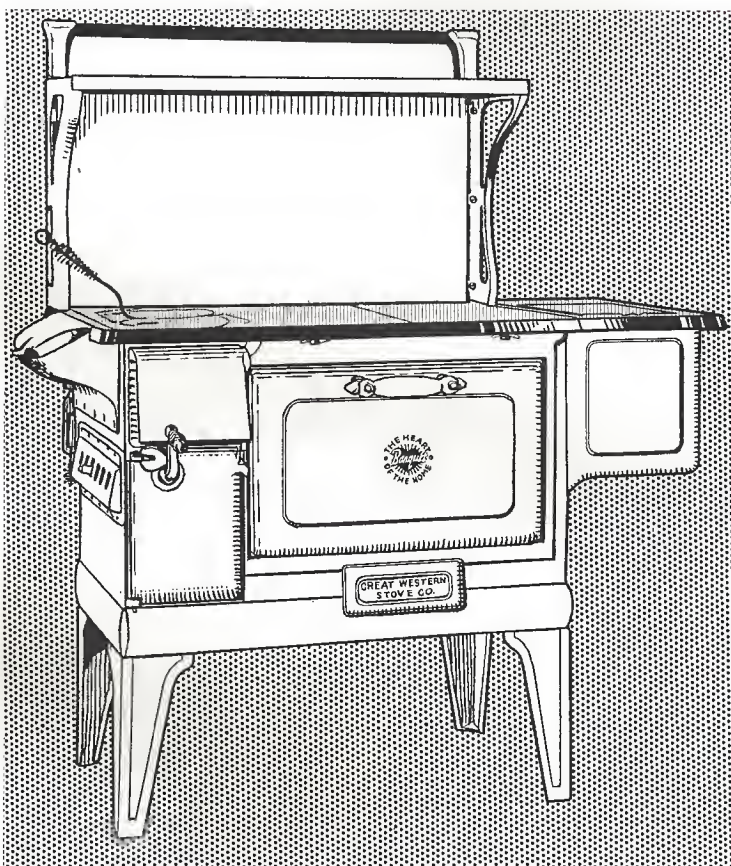
Never before *a* **Banquet!** RANGE At this Lowest Price

A GREAT value in a porcelain range—the latest and most modern—at less than you pay for a cheap stove.

This new type range is not just a “special” built for sales purposes, but real Banquet quality all the way through.

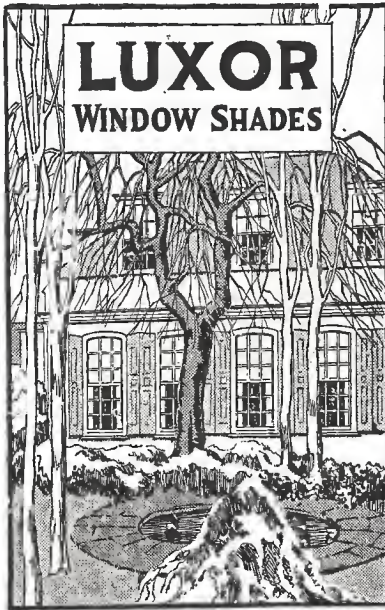
Durable porcelain finish. The high legs make cleaning easy beneath the range, and eliminate stooping low over the oven.

Why take a chance with a cheap stove when you can buy a genuine Banquet at such a low price?



The Union Pacific Coal Company





LUXOR Window Shades

will prove to be the best installation you can make to secure **QUALITY, BEAUTY** and **PERMANENCY**. At a small cost, you can add more to your home by installing **LUXOR WINDOW SHADES** than in any other way.

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For their valued Patronage this year.

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 Make your Holiday happier by
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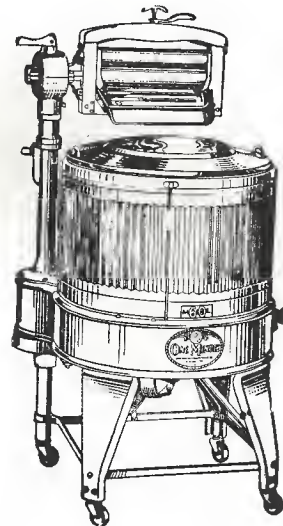
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✓
**Women Have
 Always Wanted
 A Washer Value**



ONE MINUTE
MODEL
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No other washer priced anywhere near this washer has so many exclusive features. Will give washday performance that will surprise and please you.

Come in and let us show you how you can save from \$40.00 to \$50.00 on this ONE MINUTE Washer.

Remarkable Quality—Moderate Price

**UNION PACIFIC COAL
 COMPANY**



The child Handel, from a very much liked painting by Miss Margaret Dicksee, picturing the great composer when, as a small lad, he had stolen, irresistably, up to the attic to play on an old harpischord.

EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

THE UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY

WASHINGTON UNION COAL COMPANY

VOLUME 5

DECEMBER, 1928

NUMBER 12

The Messiah

For unto us a Child is born,
Unto us a Son is given,
And the government is upon his shoulder.
And his Name shall be called
Wonderful, Counsellor,
The Mighty God, the Everlasting Father,
Prince of Peace.

Reverend L. R. Hosford, pastor of First Congregational Church, Rock Springs, tells the story of Handel's sublimely exalted musical conception of the life of Christ, which will be sung during the Christmas season throughout our land and in which Reverend Mr. Hosford will direct a united choir of one hundred voices in Rock Springs.—EDITOR.

THERE are, in the theological libraries of every Christian country, countless volumes depicting the life and personality of the Christ. You may read Renan's "Life of Christ" and enjoy it for the lucidity and charm of the French language; or you may place your wits alongside the intellect of the German Strauss and revel in his patient, substantial, and constructive criticism. The English and American presses each year run off at least a dozen new "Lives" of Christ suited to the tastes and changing fancies of their readers. In reading rooms, railway stations, hotel lobbies, and private sitting rooms the American people are reading Barton's, Keyserling's, Papini's and Case's pictures of the life and deeds of the Prophet of Nazareth. The cinema and the legitimate stage have joined forces with journalists and novelists to present Jesus to a modern world through the means and with the ideas current in the Twentieth Century.

All these efforts have met with a measure of success. But Renan and Strauss are not immortal; the "King of Kings" is not immortal; "Ben Hur" is not immortal. There is possibly only one literary work on the subject which time will prove immortal. And that work is the combined writings of a few eye-witnesses who left their fishing nets, or their public offices, or their medical practice to follow the Prophet from Capernaum to Bethany, to Jerusalem and to write the Four Gospels. What they recorded has been heralded in every corner of the world, and

the language of Jerome's Latin and King James' English Bibles will never die.

But it is not sufficient to point out that the "Good-News" of "Peace on earth, good-will toward men" has throbbled through all literature, that it dictated the idiom for medieval painting and Thirteenth Century architecture; indeed, one cannot touch any department of life in the past two thousand years of history without finding this immortal theme present. But in the change and decay of centuries even such a potent theme will find only a few master interpreters. And to Music, the babe of the arts, has fallen the distinction of producing one such master. For it was Music which created George Frederick Handel, not Handel who created the music. Handel was the instrument through which Music sang in her own idiom the sweet, majestic, and compelling story—old but ever new. And that is why "The Messiah" is immortal.

PART I.

"The Messiah" might well be called the "Singer's Bible." In it there is prophecy, confession, adoration, evangelism, and praise. Beginning with the age-long yearning of an oppressed people, it launches at once in a comforting message of hope.

"Comfort ye my people, saith your God;
Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem,
And cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished,
That her iniquity is pardoned."

The Employees' Magazine is a monthly publication devoted to the interests of the employees of The Union Pacific Coal Company and Washington Union Coal Company, and their families, and is distributed to employees free of cost, subscription price to other than employees, \$1.50 per year.

Articles of interest to our readers, photographs and sketches suitable for reproduction, are solicited and should be addressed to Editor, Employees' Magazine, Union Pacific Coal Company, Rock Springs, Wyoming.

Jessie McDiarmid, Editor

After this announcement, a tenor voice bursts in to an exalted statement of a righteousness to come:

"Every valley shall be exalted,
And every mountain and hill made low,
The crooked straight, and the rough place plain."

This inspires the entire chorus to stand and sing the triumphant words of Isaiah:

"And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed,
And all flesh shall see it together
For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

But before this reconstruction of peace and good-will is effected, the hearts of the people must be shaken and purified. Again a prophet appears and recounts the evils of the wicked, and the necessity of cleansing. The chorus responds in an anthem of oblation, and then the specific announcement of the coming of the Saviour is permitted. His name would be called "Emmanuel," that is, "God with us." There are shouts of joy when this is declared. First one group and then another repeats the heartening words:

"For unto us a Child is born,
Unto us a Son is given
And the government shall be upon His shoulder,
And his Name shall be called
Wonderful, Counsellor,
The Mighty God, the Everlasting Father,
Prince of Peace."

With the closing of this majestic chorus, the music is given to the orchestra. We are taken back to the hills of Bethlehem in the "Pastoral Symphony." Soon a soprano voice begins to tell us the story of shepherds watching in the fields. Then from a distance come the voices of an angel choir singing "Glory to God." In a moment we are surrounded by this heavenly choir singing in no uncertain words of "Peace on earth, good-will toward men." In this section occur several of the best beloved of all sacred solos: "Rejoice Greatly," for the soprano, and "He Shall Feed His Flock" for the alto. The composer goes to St. Matthew for his words:

"Come unto Me, all ye that are weak and heavy laden,
And I will give you rest."

PART II.

The second section of the oratorio deals specifically with the Passion of the Savior. He is presented as the Lamb of God, "That taketh away the sins of the world." Much of this section is often omitted because of the extreme length of the entire composition. But surely the most dignified music of the oratorio is found here. No one can hear the alto sing:

"He was despised and rejected to men;
A Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with grief."
without entering into the spirit of Him who made

his whole life a sacrifice for humanity. And it will hardly be improper to remark at this point that Handel knew how to get the best quality of the singer's emotion and voice at his command. The alto solo just mentioned is written for those tones which the low female voice can use with the utmost emotional effect. There is no sentimental chicanery here, only an expression of that kind of human sorrow and grief which rises to the degree of sublimity. If one could but hear this entire section through once a month there would be more of humility and less of pompousness in his outlook upon life. He would be repeating to himself the words of the Confessional,

"All we like sheep have gone astray;
We have turned every one to his own way;
And the Lord hath laid on Him
The iniquity of us all."

But who taught Handel his psychology? After our hearts have been broken with His heart why should he close this section with two of the most stirring choruses in the oratorio? These questions hardly require an answer. The heart answers them. The heart cannot live without hope. Contrition and remorse are but the purifiers of conscience and ambition. So without trying to explain the composer's psychology we stand to our feet with him and sing—

The Hallelujah Chorus!

"Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent
reigneth!
King of Kings, and Lord of Lords. Hallelujah!"

PART III.

Handel's almost superhuman ability of sustaining the high emotional character of his composition is attested by the inspired music of the entire oratorio through three divisions of thought. As has been stated, the work is so long that it is rarely produced in its entirety. And yet Handel wrote this whole composition in twenty-four days, from August 22nd to September 14th, in the year 1741. One section would have kept a less inspired composer busy for a period of years.

We come now to the closing section, which is much shorter than the preceding two parts. There is hardly a chorus in this part which is ever omitted in performance. The theme is too important to permit a word to be lost, and yet it does not permit too much in the way of detailed presentation. For here man's religious hopes begin or end. The hardest religious aspiration steps out to speculate on immortality. But Handel does not present immortality as a speculation. Having run the gamut of hope, despair, and contrition; having experienced the joy of sacrifice, devotion, and holiness, he launches into his closing section with the assurance that the fleeting moment is not all. Having beheld the suffering as well as the glory caught up in the life of the Saviour, he knows that all is not vain.

Basing his faith on the experience of the Saviour,
he bids the soprano sing,

"I know that my Redeemer liveth"

and

"Even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

To the bass he gives the imagery of the section:

"The trumpet shall sound,
And the dead shall be raised incorruptible,
And we shall be changed!
In a moment!
In the twinkling of an eye!"

And so it is ordered that "The Messiah" shall close with a mighty chorus singing praise to the humble carpenter of Nazareth, the man who sought first the Kingdom of Heaven, and to whom all other things have been added.

"Blessing and honor, glory and power,
Be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne,
And unto the Lamb, forever and ever. Amen."

Run of the Mine

Merry Christmas to All

THE Employees' Magazine wishes all its readers a Very Merry Christmas and many Happy New Years. In bygone times many old European towns employed a Night Watch, whose duty it was to climb into a church steeple at midnight, crying out, "Watchman, what of the night?" We can well ask ourselves this same question—What of the night?

A distinguished engineer recently made the following statement that will well answer our question:

"There is a dynamic potentiality in a homogeneous body of 110,000,000 people, reinforced as we are by mechanical power, for which there is no precedent in history. The effect upon our institutions, upon our industrial and financial organization, and, above all, upon our social system is beyond the measuring of any existing yardstick."

Our President-Elect, without waiting for the period of executive service to begin, has gone forth on a good-will mission, seeking closer relations with our fellow Americans to the south of us, an enterprise that will win friends, and wherever the Latin American makes friends there he makes his purchases.

The coal industry, the one we are most directly interested in, has gone through a hectic period, the result largely of war-period inflation. With wage scales more nearly comparable to those paid for reasonably similar service, there remains but the

task of putting the industry on a sound work year basis, and the mechanical power that our engineer friend referred to will prove a big factor in this direction. 1928 was not a bad year; we look forward for an even better one in 1929.

The New Wage Agreements

SINCE the November number of the Employees Magazine left the press the work of arranging a new and modified wage scale for the states of Wyoming, Montana and Washington has gone forward. The referendum vote taken in Wyoming covering the acceptance or rejection of the proposed southern Wyoming wage scale resulted in rejection, although the men in several mines voted in the affirmative. The negative result was occasioned by:

(a) The belief that the vote was merely for or against taking a reduction.

(b) That if the reduction was refused the old scale would be continued indefinitely.

(c) The feeling that the convention and the joint scale committee should have cleaned up many important matters during the weeks they were at Cheyenne rather than to leave same for local settlement.

The men at home never quite understood the real underlying situation, that is, that their National Policy Committee had definitely decided, after losing the employment of hundreds of thousands of men, that a more defensible and competitive wage scale must be established if the organization was to live.

The convention which met in Cheyenne undertook in the beginning to ignore the fact that the Central Competitive Field Scale had for many years been used as basis for the establishment of rates of pay in the three western states. If Illinois had secured an increase, Wyoming, Montana and Washington mine workers would have demanded advances, but the convention, for reasons largely political, decided to attempt at this time to ignore Illinois as a precedent maker. Certain outside influence, such as the ballyhoo outburst staged for November 17th by a few individuals from without the state, who are trying vainly to create offices for themselves by substituting the so-called National Miners Union for the U. M. W. of A., likewise proved a factor in the election.

With more time to think things over, and as a result of the good common sense of the Union's officers and the many thinking men, the joint scale committee was reconvened and thereafter the several unsettled questions were ironed out and the scale was again referred to the men for a final decision, this election date fixed as of November 24th.

Since the balloting of October 29th, the state of Washington entered into a new agreement effective

tive November 1st, and it is reported that Montana arrived at an agreement subject to referendum vote just as the Employees' Magazine goes to press.

Wage reductions are always unwelcome, they come as a shock, but such do not entail the tragedy and suffering that follows in so many cases the complete lack of employment. The Wyoming wage agreement carries several increases, and with a real desire to co-operate expressed by both parties thereto, monthly and annual earnings can be maintained and often increased. We have never failed in the belief that the splendid relations that have existed between the Wyoming operators and their employes for so many years would be maintained, and would not be disrupted as a result of the self interested preachments of men representing the I. W. W., the National Miners Union, or any similar organization. The Wyoming mine workers have not lost sight of the fact that neither of these two "Save the Union" enterprises are as yet without a mine wage scale covering even one small wagon mine; so far they are mere meal ticket getters for a few individuals who really don't like hard work.

Now That the Election Is Over

THE American people have had their full say, and by an overwhelming majority have expressed their choice of a President, as well as those whom they prefer for thousands of less important offices. The people, when taken as a whole, decide wisely. The election just closed was not a partisan affair—partisan as to individuals, yes, but not in the choice of candidates. The successful candidate was nominated in response to a nation-wide demand made by the people. Party leaders stood by waiting for public sentiment to crystallize in the form of convention expression. The unsuccessful candidate was chosen as a matter of expediency. The failure experienced by the party which lost in 1924 made it necessary, in the opinion of leaders, to organize an entirely new program. The leader was chosen for an extraordinary personal popularity acquired in the largest city of the Nation. The old shibboleths of the party were cast aside and it was considered expedient to take over any or all of the opposition's methods and issues that might be made use of. Jeffersonian Democracy, so much exploited for generations, was thrown overboard. Tariff for revenue became tariff for the protection of any class representing influence and numbers, and the failure to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment was countered by a promise to liberalize the prohibition enforcement laws enacted by the several states. The old doctrine of keeping campaign expenses down was ditched and a man of recently acquired millions was taken out of the ranks of the opposition party, given the "degree" and put to work to make votes with money, lots of it.

There is a distinct necessity for the existence of two fairly well balanced political parties in this

great country of ours, and it is a pity that the Democratic Party, with its many fine traditions, advanced the many nostrums it did in the campaign that closed November fifth. Lacking a second party with clarity of issues and with a workable program, the "isms" emanating in the minds of certain social and political misfits are unduly magnified, and every thinking person knows there are many such abroad in the land.

When we read of the wife of a publisher of much incendiary literature carrying a banner along the streets of a city in behalf of a mental misfit, who elected to stage a starvation period while serving sentence for offensive atheistic utterances, with half of the ashes of "Big Bill" Haywood being hawked around this country for exhibition purposes, etc., we wonder if there is not a real necessity for governmental provision for some regular form of entertainment for this portion of our population. If for no other reason than to avoid giving the many meal ticket getting, self-styled reformers too much prominence, here's hoping that the Democratic Party that gave the nation Cleveland and Wilson will stage a full come-back along conscientious, constructive lines.

Making a City Out of Rock Springs

EARLY in November Rock Springs woke up to find its 1928 street paving, curbing and guttering program completed. Two Improvement Districts were created in 1927 and the work was completed early in 1928. The 1928 program included seven additional Districts, and this work, together with the task of completing five private paving contracts, has been carried to a successful conclusion.

Preliminary figures indicate the total cost of the improvements made will approximate \$295,500.00, a substantial sum, but money well spent. Mayor P. C. Bunning, City Engineer Hudman and the City Council, have given the citizens of Rock Springs valiant service, and will receive the thanks of every person living in or driving through the city.

Prosperity

GOVERNMENT reports indicate that there were 10 individuals who paid to the government income taxes on incomes of \$5,000,000 or more for the calendar year 1927. The number who paid income taxes on incomes of \$1,000,000 or more totalled 283. Taking our population as a whole, we find that 2,464,168 persons paid an income tax in 1927.

How are these enormous incomes created? Not by hoarding money, we may be sure. They represent the earnings of thousands and tens of thousands of business enterprises which give profitable employment to many many millions of industrial workers the country over. The richer we get, as a nation, the higher wages in all employments climb. The

relation between business profits and wage scales is direct—always has been and always will be. When profits decline wages fall with them.

In a full page advertisement Mr. Henry Ford recently said: "We expect to make 2,000,000 automobiles in 1929." Mr. Ford also said that his 1929 car would be better, more elegant, more efficient. He also expects to sell his output, not to the 283 taxpayers who cleared a million or more, but to workers, to business and professional men. It is only the misfit who tries to "sell America short."

Book Reviews

WHO was it said that what folks need is not more books but time to read the books there are. Certainly "of the making of books there is no end" and at no time during the world's history has it been more true than it is now.

The purpose of book reviews is to help us decide which books we'd like to read, always remembering of course that the review is only one opinion and that the next reviewer may disagree with the first evaluation. But at least a review, whether we should later agree with it or not, does help us in our selection of the books we are to read.

Perhaps everybody will agree that our reading may be divided, broadly, into four kinds: the acquisition of knowledge, recreation, stimulation of thought and increase of the power of imagination. The last is very important in the selection of children's reading and the third might be left out in that the two first might challenge to thinking. But surely it is the most important of all. And if character is the sum of knowledge and the application of it, individual application may only be made when there is individual thinking.

And it's always interesting to learn what some one else thinks of a book we've enjoyed so we've planned, this coming year, to review one book each month. Perhaps, often, you will have already read the book and will be glad to remember an old friend. Perhaps, sometimes, you will be introduced to a book of which you may make a friend. And always we hope everyone will send in the names of books that might be reviewed and evaluations of books you've enjoyed already.

—J. McD.

Our Art Series

(For our next series we shall look at some of the world's greatest cathedrals.)

NOT long ago a much-travelled friend said, after enthusiastically describing the National Cathedral of the American Episcopal Church at Washington which she had recently visited, "American churches are not as beautiful as they should be—and partly because America did not have, during her youth, great and wonderful cathedrals to influence the types of architecture used in the smaller churches."

It was worth thinking about and we recalled the times when we have been privileged to see great

cathedrals, moments, hours, fitly described by Hilda M. Hooke, the Canadian poetess, in her:

"Moments when the world is sunk in space
And like a cloak Eternity is flung
Across the shoulders of the lifted soul,
That stands tip-toe, outstretched to meet the spheres,
And, yearning upward, is caught
Against the bosom of the Infinite."

And, thinking of the great cathedrals, we wondered if we might not enjoy learning something about them together. Since we who read this magazine come from so many lands there will be few of the world's cathedral masterpieces of religious faith, inspiration, and architectural grandeur that have not been visited by some one of us. Hoping then that many may share in the suggestions that guide our studies, we will start a new series of art studies in our January magazine, with a consideration of one of the cathedrals, and will continue them through the year.

Westminster Abbey, where the kings and queens of England have been crowned and buried since the reign of Edward the Confessor! Bordeaux Cathedral dating back to the Fourteenth Century, visited in the dim light of an early morning—but not too early to find black-clad French women at prayer, and a returned-from-the-war young French soldier still in the muddy equipment of the "Front" flung in complete absorption across the Altar of The Virgin; The "Missions" in Southern California, most concrete testimony to her early history, and with a beauty all their own; Rheims Cathedral of Northern France, in the restoration of which America had a special interest; St. Boniface Cathedral of which Whittier sang about the "turrets twain"; Notre Dame, Paris, as we recall the singing of the Te Deum by a partly American congregation extending for squares and led by the Cathedral choir.

Perhaps this will be the most interesting series we have had.

—J. McD.

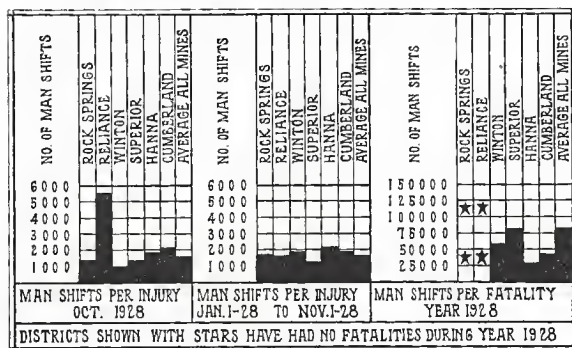
*Said life to Art — I love the best
Not when I find in thee
My very face and form expressed
With dull fidelity,*

*But when in thee my longing eyes
Behold continually
The mystery of my memories
And all I long to be.*

Charles G. Roberts

Make It Safe

October Accident Graph



The graph for the present month shows an improvement, but still leaves much to be desired. There were thirty accidents reported this month compared to thirty-three for the month of September. There were also some 2,000 more man shifts reported, so that as a result the average for the six mining districts for October is 1,576 man shifts per injury, an increase of 200 over the preceding month.

Winton, during October, presents the poorest record with seven injuries and 7,026 man shifts; Reliance, with one injury and 5,580 man shifts, is at the top.

Listed in the above thirty accidents is one fatality when Mr. K. C. McDiarmid, a miner at "E" Mine, Superior, met death under falling rock. This is the fifth fatal accident during the year and the first death at Superior. There now remain but two districts, Rock Springs and Reliance, without deaths during the year. As this is written during the early days of November, a sixth fatal accident has occurred at Superior, again in "E" Mine and by a fall of rock.

Noteworthy is the fact that but very few of the month's injuries are from roof faces, nearly all the accidents being due to unusual causes, most of which could have been prevented by the injured employees themselves.

Make safety a daily habit of thought and action at your work, in your home and in the street. It pays big dividends on the most valuable asset you have—your life.

Employee Discharged for Violation of Rules

Notwithstanding the safeguards that have been thrown around the handling of powder and detonators in the mines and the system reduced to a point where it was thought impossible for powder to be carelessly loaded and sent out of the mine, recently thirty sticks of permissible powder found its way into a railroad car.

Fortunately the discovery of the loss was made before the powder had gone very far and recovery was made before the powder had gone through the railroad coal chutes and to the engines.

Again the explanation reverts to the same old story, the willful violation of a company safety rule by an employee who knew and understood the regulations. Most unfortunate of all is the fact that it was necessary to discharge this employee, a good workman, and one who by his violation thought he was "hurrying things up" and working for the best interests of the company.

The safety rules and regulations for operation of the company's properties are not formulated for the purpose

of being harsh or to work unnecessary hardships upon those who must obey them, but they have been prepared that everyone, individually and collectively, is given the greatest safety and protection.

By knowingly violating the safety code an employee not only places his own but other lives in jeopardy, and, in order to secure the proper discipline and observance of the rules, the employer, much as they may regret it, is forced to the distasteful necessity of using the discharge.

Could You Have Saved That Life?

If you were walking along the street and met a man who was rapidly bleeding to death from an internal (stomach) hemorrhage would you know, without an instant's hesitation, just what to do to save his life?

This actually happened at one of our mines recently. George Vujovich, a miner at No. 4 Mine, Rock Springs, had just left the man trip after completing his day's work, and had reached a point about one hundred and fifty feet from the mouth of the mine when he was stricken with a hemorrhage of the stomach. Fellow employees, who were passing, discovered his plight and called for assistance. Mine Foreman Tom Overy, Assistant Foreman Daniels and others responded, and here let us mention that these men, when it comes to First Aid, know their triangular bandages.

Fortunately a heavy storm had left deep snow banks nearby. Without delay the abdomen of the man, almost dead now from loss of blood, was packed with snow in lieu of ice bags and within a minute, two at the most, the flow of blood was stopped. In the meantime the ambulance and doctor were called and the man removed to the hospital, where for several hours his life was in the balance. As this is written Mr. Vujovich is recovering and unless unforeseen complications develop will completely regain his health.

Mr. Overy, Mr. Daniels and their assistants knew just what first aid to apply. Their prompt action was the difference between life and death and we can chalk up to the credit of First Aid training—one more life saved.

What a First-Aid Man Should Do

- Be calm.
- Take command and give orders.
- Find location of the injury.
- Know what you want to do and do it.
- Keep onlookers away from the patient.
- Use a knife or scissors to remove clothing.
- Look for red spurting blood and check it by tourniquet or by pressure of finger over blood vessel.
- Look for shock; if present, lower head of patient, apply blankets and wrapped hot-water bottles; and give aromatic spirits of ammonia in water, if patient is conscious.
- Look for fractures; never remove a patient unless absolutely necessary, until splints have been applied.
- Place bandage compress over compound fractures before applying splints.
- Cover all wounds with bandage compress and bandage. The fingers or instruments should not touch a wound.
- Remove a foreign object from a wound, if you do not have to put your fingers into the wound or touch the edges of the wound.
- Exclude air as quickly as possible from burned surfaces by using picric acid gauze or other material.
- Leave reductions of dislocations or fractures for the surgeon, except dislocation of jaw or finger.

Only part of your work is completed when the patient is ready for the stretcher.

Unnecessary or rough handling of a patient may undo all your work.

Slowly place patient on stretcher, avoiding jerky movements, and carry him to safety.

DON'TS

Don't touch a wound with your fingers or any instrument.

Don't put an unclean dressing or cloth over a wound.

Don't allow bleeding to go unchecked.

Don't move a patient unnecessarily.

Don't allow a patient with a fracture or suspected fracture to be moved until splints have been applied.

Don't fail to put plenty of padding between limb and splint.

Don't neglect shock.

Don't burn a patient with an unwrapped hot-water bottle or other heated object.

Don't fail to give artificial respiration when needed.

Don't fail to pull the tongue forward when giving artificial respiration.

Don't fail to remove false teeth, tobacco, and chewing gum from the mouth of an unconscious person.

Don't remove the clothing from the injury in the usual way.

Don't permit air to reach a burned surface.

Don't wash wounds.

Don't put drugs in a wound.

Don't reduce dislocations, except of the finger and lower jaw.

Don't put a quid of tobacco on a wound.

Don't leave a tourniquet on over 20 minutes without loosening.

October Accidents

Miner—FATAL—While standing near face, a piece of rock about 8 feet by 5 feet by 1 foot thick fell, pinning him beneath it and causing injuries from which he died about six hours later.

Tracklayer—Was standing on slope as trip was being hoisted. As last car passed him it derailed, striking him and fracturing rib.

Loader—Was taking down loose top rock when a small piece fell behind him, striking calf of leg and causing laceration.

Conveyor Man—Due to electrical trouble could not get current to controller. While examining cable for cause, cable flashed burning face.

Miner—While shovelling coal into car, a piece of coal fell from the rib, striking him and bruising left side.

Miner—In attempting to place sprag in wheel his finger was caught between sprag and piece of rock lying beside track.

Miner—Callous on hand became blistered from use of pick and later became infected.

Loader—Was hit on hand by a piece of falling coal, seriously bruising index finger.

Miner—Was hit and cut on back of hand by a small piece of flying coal. Abrasion later developed infection.

Machine Boss—While looking for material in abandoned motor-generator set room, stepped on rail causing severe puncture wound.

Miner—Had pushed loaded car to room neck. While attempting to place block under wheel, car ran over block and his fingers were caught beneath it, necessitating amputation of the first joint of second and third fingers.

Motorman—Was riding on front end of trip. As trip went around curve, first car jumped track and he received laceration of foot when wheel ran over foot.

Inside Laborer—Was coupling motor to loaded cars. The trip was bumped by an empty trip and his right hand was lacerated between link of motor and bumper of loaded car.

Miner—Was working at face when struck by a piece of falling top rock, receiving lacerations of head.

Machine Man—Was cutting room with mining machine when struck by a piece of top coal.

Machine Man—Was lifting machine with jack. Jack slipped and he strained ligaments of back.

Loader—Was dropping cars out of cross cut. Was in stooping position, taking out sprags, when cars started and he was pushed against a prop, fracturing rib.

Miner—Was working on panel stump. He stepped aside to let trip pass, when his lamp cord caught on car and his heel was caught beneath wheel.

Inside Laborer—Was picking face when small piece of coal flew from pick point, striking and injuring eye.

Machine Man—While operating machine his hand was caught between controller handle and rib, causing lacerations.

Inside Laborer—While handling conveyor pans, pinched hand between two pans causing small blood-blister. Opened blister himself and ten days later reported to doctor with infected hand.

The Country Parson

By Anne Higginson Spicer in *The Christian Century*.

In faded weekday overalls he lurks
About his garden, busy with his bees
And hens and cows, the domesticities
Of rural life. There is no task he shirks
As hard or humble. All the curious quirks
Of growing plants he knows. He sprays the trees
And while he toils, coins simple smiles
And gathers wholesome lessons as he works.

Then, on the Sabbath, in his broadcloth suit
He mounts the pulpit, tells the holy fable
Of Husbandman, and Vineyard, and the fruit
That cometh of the Spirit at life's end.
He feeds the faithful at the Master's table
And talks to God as friend may talk to friend.

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— Engineering Department —

Rock Springs Number One Mine a Component Part of the History of the Town of Rock Springs

By C. E. Swann

ON JULY 16, 1868, while the Union Pacific Railroad was still under construction, the Railroad Company entered into an agreement with Cyrus D. Godfrey and Thomas Wardell, leasing to them for a period of fifteen years its coal lands acquired by grant from the United States Government, permitting them to prospect for coal, open and operate mines, and agreeing to purchase from them so much of the coal mined therefrom as would be needed for railroad purposes.

It was under this lease that No. 1 Mine was opened by Thomas Wardell during 1869. Rock Springs No. 1 Mine was the first mine opened, on a large scale, in the Rock Springs coal field, although several small operations were attempted prior to its opening.

Workable coal seams abounded in the vicinity of Rock Springs and because of this no diamond drilling was done to prove the area of workable coal to be mined from any specific opening, also only a few prospects were opened along the outcrop to determine the proper location for sinking the slope to recover a definite area of coal land. The country was new, land had little or no present value, and land lines did not seem to enter into the equation in the location of a mine.

Bearing these facts in mind the younger generation of coal men who followed the pioneers still marvel at the choice of location for No. 1 Mine slope which could not have been better located with reference to the area of workable coal tributary to this slope if all the facts had been known in advance. Perhaps the location was just a lucky choice governed by the location of the railroad and other surface conditions at the time, or perhaps the early pioneers had an acute mining sense not passed down to the present generation. At any rate it would be considered very poor mining judgment, at the present time, to spend the money necessary to open and equip a modern mine without first obtaining definite knowledge of the area of workable coal to be recovered from this mine.

No. 1 Mine was one of the largest coal mines ever operated in the Rocky Mountain region; the area worked being 1,800 acres. The mining conditions were excellent and

the coal seam ranged from 10 to 12 feet in thickness. The slope was driven directly down the dip of the seam, starting at the outcrop at about 12 feet drop in one hundred feet, and increasing to about 20 feet drop in a hundred feet by the time it reached the big fault 3,500 feet from the opening. After the slope was driven through the fault it was found the dip of the coal seam increased about two feet per hundred feet additional as each pair of entries or levels was reached below the fault until a distance of one and one-half miles from the opening the dip became 38 feet in one hundred feet.

This mine was a large producer, had a daily output of over 2,000 tons and an annual output of over a half million tons of coal.

Many people are under the impression that No. 1 Mine was worked out and abandoned, but such an assumption is far from the correct facts. The lower entries or levels extended to the north and south of the main slope for a distance of a mile and a half in each direction and the 11-foot coal seam persists to the dip below each of these entries, and we must also bear in mind that hardly one-half of the coal in this mine was recovered. Most of the pillars are still standing, a large proportion being left to support the surface on which the city of Rock Springs now stands.

When No. 1 Mine was closed down in 1910, The Union Pacific Coal Company was in the commercial, as well as the railroad fuel business and the heavy cover (1,650 feet attained by the lower workings of No. 1 Mine) began to affect the size of the lump coal obtained from these workings, and, as you know, the size of the lump coal on the commercial market is a very strong selling factor. This fact, combined with the excessive length for a one hoist slope haul, and the extensive area of workings, made it imperative that additional hoisting facilities be furnished and a new ventilation system installed, the cost of these improvements entailing an expense equal to or greater than the expense necessary to open and equip a new mine in another location where the depth of cover would be negligible for a number of years.

No. 1 Mine was equipped with a very large two friction drum steam hoist, having cylinders 36 inches in diameter and 60 inches long, and the slope was double tracked to the face but the distance down to the lower workings was becoming too much for even this equipment.

The extent to which No. 1 Mine, for years, formed a part of the community is well remembered by the old timers who can recollect the fear and apprehension the average citizen



No. One Tipples, photographed in 1878. This was the first mine to be opened in Rock Springs.
(Picture by courtesy of Mr. Charles Sparks.)

felt relative to the effect the closing of No. 1 Mine would have on the future prosperity of the town by the often repeated statement that Rock Springs would be a thing of the past when No. 1 Mine was closed.

Well! No. 1 has been closed down and Rock Springs is improving each year as a desirable place of residence and evidently our fears were not well grounded.

I will always remember Rock Springs No. 1 Mine for it was there I received my first baptism under fire as a mine surveyor. A young engineer just out of college, with pockets empty and the world before me, and faced with the great problem of where to obtain the price of the next meal, I had the opportunity of becoming a mine surveyor for The Union Pacific Coal Company at Rock Springs, Wyoming. I had been around a coal mine but little and was hesitant about accepting the work offered, but here again, when my finances were consulted I had little trouble in making up my mind to accept.

Arriving at Rock Springs on a December morning in 1898, I was confronted with a characteristic Wyoming blizzard which quickly aroused hopes that I would soon be back in good old Denver, but again my finances interfered with my illusions and I am now one of the old timers in this part of Wyoming.

On reporting to Chief Engineer Frank A. Manley, I was questioned regarding my practical engineering experience and I was forced to admit I was a trifle shy on practical experience. Mr. Manley, being a kind hearted man, told me as long as I would admit I did not "know it all" after graduating from college, he would take me down in No. 1 Mine the next day and show me what it was all about.

The next morning Mr. Manley deliberately missed the mantrip and then said to me, "We will walk down the manway." We started down, and in going through the fault I was unable to keep my light burning, and had a hard time keeping up with the aid of Mr. Manley's light. It seemed to me we would never reach No. 41 Entry but we finally arrived there, and my guide instructed me to stand near the rib and he would survey a part of this entry and I could see how it was done.

Without comment he surveyed about 500 feet of entry, closed up his note book, picked up his instrument and remarked, "that is the way it is done, you can come down here tomorrow and finish up the survey of the mine." With fear and trembling, the next day, I caught the mantrip and arrived in No. 41 Entry prepared to do my "worst," and during the next few days, if you will pardon me my using a slang phrase, "I sweat blood" trying to find out just what I was to accomplish, but with the aid of two expert helpers, Messrs. Tim and Tom Thomas, whom many of you will remember, I finally completed the survey. Mr. Manley needed a dependable mine surveyor at once, and it has dawned on me in later years that he used the proper method, although hard to take at the time.

Another experience impressed on my mind from the days of old No. 1 was obtained one morning when I was surveying rooms on No. 41 Entry and heard a fall of coal in a room a few rooms inside of where I was working, followed quickly by much excited talking in Chinese. About all I could learn from the Chinese on the entry was "Lotta coal fall dawn, Chinaman pretty soon die."

I requested several of the Chinamen to go up to the face with me and help get the miner from under the coal but each one refused to go back, and I later learned a Chinaman would not touch a person who was about to die. About this time the mule driver came up the entry and we removed the coal from the injured Chinese miner, who was badly hurt and he was taken to the hospital. I afterwards heard this man recovered and returned to the mine.

To the uninitiated the pressure bumps which occurred in the lower workings of No. 1 Mine gave one a sort of creepy feeling, as the bump seemed to start way up in the solid pillar, gaining momentum as they came directly towards you. It seemed to make no difference how fast you walked, the bump seemed to keep pace with you.

After you had experienced numerous bumps pass over you without covering you up with coal, you finally became accustomed to them and paid no attention.

The coal obtained from the Rock Springs field received its excellent reputation for commercial, locomotive fuel and other uses from coal mined in old No. 1 Mine.

No. 1 Mine will long be remembered by those who worked in it as one of the finest coal mines in western America.

Television

By D. C. McKeehan

IT MAY not be amiss to predict that, in the not far distant future, the popular clamor will be for a television set for Christmas, just as it was formerly with the phonograph and the radio receiver.

Convincing proof that radio home television may soon be a reality was given recently, when a group of engineers, scientists and newspaper men witnessed the first demonstration of television broadcasting ever held under home conditions. The demonstration, which was arranged by the Radio Corporation of America and General Electric, was held at Schenectady, New York.

At three different homes in various parts of the city, were grouped witnesses to the first "home television sets" ever demonstrated and those privileged to witness the demonstration saw the moving images and heard the voices of a man and woman who were several miles away in the General Electric Research Laboratory.

The voices were transmitted through broadcasting station WGY, and the images through a short wave transmitter in the laboratory. To the observers in the homes, voice and picture were brought together again in perfect synchronization.

So lifelike were the lights and shadows reproduced from the research studios that the curl of smoke from a cigarette and the flash of an eye were transmitted by radio just as a picture unfolds on a screen. In this instance the transmission of the moving object was made on 37.8 meters wavelength while the voice was simultaneously sent through the air on 379.5 meters, the normal wavelength of WGY. The receiver differs from the ordinary short wave receiver in that it converts the electro-magnetic wave into light instead of sound and the light becomes an image corresponding in movement to the action of the artist at the transmitting end.

While this is an historical event comparable to the early experiments in sound broadcasting, the greatest significance of the present demonstration is in the fact that the radio art has bridged the gap between the laboratory and the home. Television has been demonstrated both in this country and abroad prior to this event, but it did not seem possible within so short a time to so simplify the elaborate and costly apparatus for television reception, that the first step might be taken toward the development of television receivers for the home.

With all that has been accomplished there are still many experimental stages to be traveled before a practical television service can be established. The first step contemplated is the placing of laboratory models of the present television receiver at central and strategically located points so that with the aid of technically trained observers, future experiments may be continued, not only in the reception of, but in the simultaneous transmission both of sight and sound.

Sound broadcasting has now developed to an art and industry of world-wide scope and significance. The television receiver as at present developed will supplement and not replace the modern radio receiving set in the home. Broadcasting television, it seems clear, will develop along parallel lines with broadcasting of sound so that eventually not only sound but also sight through radio broadcasting will be available to every home.

The elements of the television home receiver are a light source, the scanning device and the synchronizing system. The signal, or electro-magnetic wave from the television transmitter, is received in equipment designed to receive modulations as high as 40,000 cycles. The amplifier is substantially the same as the amplifier of the home loud speaker. The receiving system differs from a modern loud speaker system in that a neon gas filled lamp is substituted

for the loud speaker. The amplified current is delivered to this lamp, known as the Moore lamp, which responds to the intensities of the current and gives fluctuations of the light intensity just as a diaphragm of the loud speaker reproduces pulsations of the air waves.

The scanning disk is 24 inches in diameter with 48 small holes, each hole 35 mils. in diameter and arranged in a spiral so that each of the 48 holes will pass one another and trace successive lines of the picture, completing or literally painting a picture in one revolution. In other words if the disk were revolved slowly a ray of light through successive holes would trace over the entire object. The disk is revolved by a standard motor, similar to those used in household devices such as the washing machine or vacuum cleaner. The revolutions occur at a speed of 18 per second, slightly faster than a film passes through a motion picture camera. An observer looking at this revolving disk as the light from the Moore lamp shines through these small holes, would see the image being sent by radio but this picture would be one and one-half inches square.

Magnifying lenses enlarge the picture twice so that it is three inches square in the aperture in the front of the receiving cabinet.

Synchronization of the scanning disk of the receiver with the scanning disk of the transmitter is obtained by manually operated control, a push button held in the hand. By means of this button, of the bell ringing type, the picture may be held in the field of vision with a little practice, as naturally, after a time, as driving an automobile or steering a bicycle.

The reproduced picture or object has a pink color, which is characteristic of the neon gas used in the lamp. It was found in early work that this gas was most efficient and most sensitive for reproducing a light which will go on and off in a millionth part of a second.

The transmission system is of the type using a disk with spiral holes, a duplicate of the disk in the receiving machine. A spot of light is projected on the object through the moving disk and the reflection of this light is intercepted by photo-electric cells, which converts the light to electric waves, ready for the short wave transmitter.

Marion Steam Shovel Handles Big Yardage

The Northern Illinois Coal Corporation recently opened a new coal stripping operation near Wilmington, Ill., which is equipped with three electric excavators, all built by the Marion Steam Shovel Co., Marion, Ohio. These include a Type-5480 electric stripping shovel of special design, which is said to be the largest shovel ever built. The Marion company furnishes these details:

The shovel carries a 12-cu. yd. dipper on a 90-ft. boom and a 60-ft. dipper handle. It is mounted on crawling traction trucks and is operated electrically from the power lines of the public utility company serving that territory. A 750-hp. motor drives the motor-generator set for furnishing power to the various motions and the working weight with ballast is approximately 850 tons.

The shovel operates three 8-hr. shifts each day, Sundays excepted, and it has, since being placed in operation, handled 15,481 cu. yd. in a 24-hr. period. This far exceeds the daily production of any machine heretofore used for this class of work. It is expected that in a calendar year the 5480 will handle two or three million cubic yards of material.

—Mining and Metallurgy.

Congratulations to Senator-elect Tom Gibson

Whatever the party affiliations of The Union Pacific Coal Company folks they were one in their support of Thomas Gibson, for whom the vote polled was larger than that of any other Sweetwater County candidate for office during the recent election.

Mr. Gibson was born in County Mayo, "the Saints love you," (we understand it's required that one add the words quoted, to any mention of this county in Ireland) and has all an Irishman's ability to make friends.



Senator-elect Thomas Gibson.

Two years ago he was elected to the Wyoming House of Representatives and made a record for his indefatigable interest in the laws affecting mine safety.

He is very well known in all the mining towns of the State and is being showered with congratulations and good wishes.

He was the first Wyoming president of the United Mine Workers of America and organized the local unions throughout the State. He was a practical miner for years and is always interested in everything that concerns mining folk. He is especially interested in the teaching of First Aid and no First Aid contest or gathering is complete without "Safety Tom."

The Wyoming Senate is to be congratulated on the acquisition of a sure enough supply of Italian and Irish stories to relieve the much too many Scottish ones.

Listen, Son

I AM saying this to you as you lie asleep, one little paw crumpled under your cheek and the blond curls stickily wet on your damp forehead. I have stolen into your room alone. Just a few minutes ago, as I sat reading my paper, in the library, a hot, stifling wave of remorse swept over me. I could not resist it. Guiltily I came to your bedside.

"These are the things I was thinking, son. I had been cross to you. I scolded you as you were dressing for school because you gave your face merely a dab with a towel. I took you to task for not cleaning your shoes. I called out angrily when I found you had thrown some of your things on the floor.

"At breakfast I found fault, too. You spilled things. You gulped down your food. You put your elbows on the table. You spread butter too thick on your bread. And as you started off to play and I made for my train, you turned and waved a little hand and called, 'Good-bye, Daddy!' and I frowned, and said in reply, 'Hold your shoulders back.'

"Then it began all over again in the late afternoon. As I came up the hill road I spied you, down on your knees playing marbles. There were holes in your stockings. I humiliated you before your boy friends by making you march ahead of me back to the house. Stockings were expensive—and if you had to buy them you would be more careful! Imagine that, son, from a father! It was such stupid, silly logic.

"Do you remember, later when I was reading in the library, how you came in, softly, timidly, with a sort of hurt, hunted look in your eyes? When I glanced up over my paper, impatient at the interruption, you hesitated at the door. 'What is it you want?' I snapped.

"You said nothing, but ran across in one tempestuous plunge, and threw your arms around my neck and kissed me, again and again, and your small arms tightened with an affection that God has set blooming in your heart and which even neglect could not wither. And then you were gone, pattering up the stairs.

"Well, son, it was shortly afterwards that my paper slipped from my hands and a terrible sickening fear came over me. Suddenly I saw myself as I really was, in all my horrible selfishness, and I felt sick at heart.

"What has habit been doing to me? The habit of complaining, of finding fault, or reprimanding—all of these were my rewards to you for being a boy. It was not that I

did not love you; it was that I expected so much of youth. It was measuring you by the yardstick of my own years.

"And here was so much that was good, and fine and true in your character. You did not deserve my treatment of you, so. The little heart of you was as big as the dawn itself over the wide hills. All this was shown by your spontaneous impulse to rush in and kiss me good night. Nothing else matters tonight, son. I have come to your bedside in the darkness, and I have knelt here, choking with emotion, and so ashamed!

"It is a feeble atonement; I know you would not understand these things if I told them to you during your waking hours, yet I must say what I am saying. I must burn sacrificial fires, alone, here in your bedroom, and make free confession. And I have prayed God to strengthen me in my new resolve. Tomorrow I will be a real daddy! I will chum with you, and suffer when you suffer and laugh when you laugh. I will bite my tongue when impatient words come. I will keep saying as if it were a ritual: 'He is nothing but a boy—a little boy!'

"I am afraid I have visualized you as a man. Yet as I see you now, son, crumpled and weary in your cot, I see that you are still a baby. Yesterday you were in your mother's arms, your head on her shoulder. I have asked too much, too much.

"Dear boy! Dear little son! A penitent kneels at your infant shrine, here in the moonlight. I kiss the little fingers and the damp forehead."

—Author Not Known.

Spring Will Come Again

Apropos of our "Best Garden Contest," the following letter will doubtless prove a stimulant to other employees of our two Companies when spring comes again:

Box 178,
Hanna, Wyoming,
November 17, 1928.

Mr. G. B. Pryde,
Union Pacific Coal Company,
Rock Springs, Wyoming.

My dear Sir:

I wish to acknowledge receipt of voucher for \$15.00 for first prize for my garden this year.

It is regrettable that more people do not take advantage of this profitable hobby. Apart from the monetary side, such as the prizes offered by The Union Pacific Coal Company and the saving in green stuffs, the pleasure that my wife and family shared with me in having fresh vegetables and good exercise amply repaid us for our labor.

I hope next year to have a better garden than this year.

Yours very truly,

SIDNEY L. MORGAN.

Most Sad

The saddest words of tongue or pen, are, "get out, Dad, it's flat again."

The New Butcher Shop at Superior The Why of It and Its Manager

Vacations are useful. Sometimes they stimulate. Sometimes they are relaxing. Some folks like to go on vacations. Some folks go on vacations with reluctance and return home with alacrity.

Now our butcher man, Waller, went on a vacation with a reasonable amount of willingness—and returned with an unreasonable amount of energy and dissatisfaction with this spirit. He oozed it. His wants—they were legion; his needs—they must be met. Presto, chango! Pronto, if you please!

The whole difficulty was this: Our butcher shop didn't please him. He'd seen Doug and Mary buying steaks and Ben Turpin selecting his Thanksgiving turkey—in a Los Angeles shop. He'd like a shop this way. He'd like a shop that way. He'd like a shop a la Hollywood—a la Hollywood's best.

Now he has one 'most made over new and quite expects his friend Turpin in for his Christmas goose. And Mr. Waller is happy. So, there you are. Vacations are useful.



The butcher shop at Superior with J. E. Waller ready to cut you a steak a la Los Angeles or special Wyoming.



Santa's Gnomes Gather Christmas News



IT WAS five days before Christmas and there was to be no more school for two whole weeks. And since Allister had no lessons to do he offered to help Shirley write her letter to Santa Claus. Shirley is Allister's little sister, four years old and she'd been wanting him to help her for several evenings. She couldn't manage the address. Of course she could write a Santa letter very well indeed, at least she knew that Santa Claus could read it. But the address was difficult.

"Why, it's just Santa Claus, North Land, isn't it, Mother?" And Allister smiled at Mother as if they had a secret they didn't mean to share just then. Allister had been to school and was getting just a bit superior. Shirley wasn't sure he was taking the writing of the letter quite seriously. Last year Daddy had helped her with her letter and she knew it had been written properly because she'd found every single thing she asked for on the tree, even a gift for Mother—except a Chinese dolly she wanted to call Manu, and she knew that very likely old Santa hadn't been able to get over to China to get it. Perhaps she'd get it this year. And she still liked Manu for a name and Auntie Thiessen had promised to help her arrange a real Chinese christening party. There were a great many reasons for being careful about the address of Santa's letter.

"Why, it's just Santa Claus, North Land," said Allister again.

"Norff Land?" asked little Shirley.

"Of course—that's where Santa Clause lives," and this time Allister winked at Mother.

"Wait a minute, young man," said Marjie Thiessen, who was a friend of mother's and could read the best stories. "You'd better finish the letter to Santa Claus, then I'll address it and you may take it to the letter-box."

"A very good idea," said Mother, "and there are some other letters, too, Allister may post them all."

"Yes, a good idea," said Auntie Thiessen, "but you see, whoever posts a letter to Santa Claus must first sleep with the letter under his pillow all night. It's a rule of Christmas Land. So Allister must mail the other letters now, and Santa's in the morning."

Allister put on his coat and cap and gloves and scooted along the street to post his mother's letters. It was snowing like sixty, great, big, soft, white flakes that made the

darkness outside a lot lighter—but even then Allister could see some things in the shadows. Twice he was sure he saw somebody else at the mail box, then there was no one there when he got to it. He hustled back. Perhaps Auntie Thiessen would read a story before bed time.

Shirley had almost finished her letter. He helped her sign her name—Shirley, Waterloo Street—then they gave it to Auntie to address. She had a nice important looking white envelope ready and she addressed it very carefully, Santa Claus, Christmas Land, North Pole, U. S. A.—and laid it on the table for Allister to take upstairs when he want to bed.

"Where is yours, Allister?" said Auntie.

"Why, I—," Allister looked at Shirley, "I hadn't intended to do one for myself—that is, tonight."

"Very well," said Auntie, "who wants stories?"

Both Shirley and Allister were ready and for a whole hour Auntie read stories, all about Santa Claus and Vixen and Blixen, the reindeers; and Santa's gnomes and how fond he is of good boys and girls; and how icy it is in his palace and how warm too; and how glad

he is to hear from everybody. More about Christmas and Santa and his gnomes than they had ever heard before. They could have gone on and on but Shirley went right to sleep and Allister wasn't quite sure he hadn't been for one minute.

Auntie carried Shirley to her room and then came to help Allister fix Santa's letter nice and flat under his pillow.

Soon they were both asleep and didn't even hear Mother come to say "good-night."

And the next morning Shirley came down even earlier than she usually does. She wanted to see Allister start out with her letter. She could even see it dropped into the box, now that it was light.

Allister wasn't down.

Then she heard him.

"It's gone, Mother, Santa's got it."

"And I saw him."

"I saw Santa's Christmas Letter Gnome."

"And he told me, Mother, he told me that he gets all Santa Claus' letters—and he helps keep Santa's book, the biggest, biggest book you ever saw with all the names of every boy and girl—and Christmas lists, and—"



"Yes, it's gone."

"Did you mail my letter?" said Shirley.

"Oh, yes, I saw the gnome," as plain as anything in the snow."

Auntie said she'd go up and see if the letter was gone and it was.

"I'll write mine tonight," said Allister, "and Mother, can I help you any—and I think Eddie Morgan would like to help, I'm sure he needs to."

"I'll write Santa a long letter tonight—I need skates and a scooter and a new engine and I'll write him for you, too, Mother. Isn't it wonderful how Santa Claus' gnomes collect his letters right at the mail box—and how they keep his book. It's an awfully big book. I wonder if Shirley would like to write another one. There are still four days left before Christmas."



"Merry Christmas" Unabridged

By Mrs. Harry Lawrence.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS, mother dear," caroled two joyous young voices, and into the room burst Ruth and Ben Barnett fairly bubbling over with youth and spirits.

A Christmas Eve party of young friends had just sojourned. Ruth, vivacious and trig, a budding interior decorator and Ben with his feet fairly planted on the ladder of success as an electrical engineer were both in high spirits and fairly bursting to tell of the frivolities they had just left behind to the mother who always lent a receptive ear.

"Tell me of your conquests, you young moderns, but first may I exact a promise? Will you both, as December twenty-fifth rolls along, never say 'Merry X-mas' just say dear old 'Merry Christmas,' for you know it really takes no more time? Both demand two syllables and, if it will not dampen your spirits, I'll tell you why.

"Of course all this is but a dim memory to you two as you were but wee kiddies when it happened, but it was an experience I shall never forget. You probably will remember when the letter came which told us our exile was over and that we were to go back to the old scenes. It didn't come tho' 'til we were a family of three instead of four.

"When I married your father, one of the best men that ever lived but frail and visionary, my family could see no good come of it and when after several years his battling with ill health and an unappreciative public had worn down his endurance he was told to go to a drier climate and 'get on the soil—or under it.' When I appealed to my family for help, I was told I had made my bed and must lie in it. A hurt of long ago but never quite healed.

"An old friend of your father's had gone west in quest of health some years before and had found it—on the verge of a western prairie and offered his ranch house as sanctuary.

"We won't dwell on the surroundings so alien to us. At first the change benefited, then came a change for the worst at just the time of year when everything should be the happiest.

"A dull feeling of utter helplessness had been settling over me for days, finally coming to a climax when Christmas Eve arrived and you two children asked about Santa Claus and toys.

"I tried to explain to you how the snow had drifted on the plains and hidden all the roads and how dark it was for Santa and his reindeers. Your little noses were flattened against the window panes peering out at the snow which

was piled and drifted against the fences of the corrals, now almost hidden.

"Finally, you, Ben, suggested that we put a candle in the window and a card with 'Merry Christmas' on it beside the candle so that Santa could read it from afar and guide him to our house. So to please you I put the candle in place and half-heartedly printed on a piece of cardboard 'Merry Christmas.'

"Sleep finally had to have an inning and you two gave up the watch. Sick at heart I tried to figure out some answer to your faith. It is hard to think up a fairy solution when your heart is so heavy and with a sick husband and mighty little wherewithal with which to do.

"But it seems another was seeking a goal. A poor, miserable peddler saw the light spring up and shine from our window across the white fences and prairies. He struggled to his feet and made another effort to get out of the drift by the roadside and almost frozen and laboring under his load fell exhausted at our door.

"When his poor benumbed body had finally thawed out he told us of seeing our beacon and how he, too, had come to the west in search of health and had brought a few wares to sell to the ranchers along with him.

"His pack proved a God-send. Not toys as city kiddies have of course but satisfying to you. There were many dozens of things which served as playthings. Before he left us, Pierre, as we got to know him, taught us many a lesson in fortitude and when we asked if there was not something we could do to speed him on his way he said, 'Madam, you would do me one leetle favor. Yes! Of a please do you not say "Merry X-mas" but "Merry Christmas" for that beautiful word means "Christ's Mass" and surely some great guide led me to your door that night.'

"I have always remembered children, won't you?"

A World Christmas Tree

By Sophie E. Redford

Could we but have a Christmas tree
For all the world, oh what would be
The gifts upon its branches hung
To be distributed among
The eager people standing by?
What would you give, and what would I?
Would silks or furs or rarest lace
Or gold or diamonds have a place
Upon the branches of a tree
Designed to bless humanity?
Or would we rather fasten there
The gifts we know would banish care?
Does not the world have sorest need
Of sympathy and kindly deed?
Place on the topmost bough a star
Whose points these Christian graces are:
Faith, hope and charity, good will
And justice, every heart to fill.
Entwine each branch upon the tree
With festoons of fidelity,
With courage, patience, gratitude,
A cheerful thought and happy mood,
With peace and joy and gentleness.
Such gifts would bring true happiness.

The Legend of the Poinsetta

By Pearl Cashell Jackson

TO THE traveler who loves Mexico and gets near the people, many legends are told that impress us with the way beautiful beliefs are handed down from generation to generation, thus helping to form the characters of these people who live so near to nature. One day a party of us were taking a walk on the outskirts of Cuernavaca, than which there is no more beautiful spot in all Mexico. I carried in my hand a large bouquet of gorgeous Poinsetta blooms. The stately old Mexican by my side wanted to know if the senora knew the legend of the flower. I told

him I did not. At the same time I said: "Americans often call it the 'hypocrite,' because the bloom is not a flower, but just a coloration in vivid red of the last few leaves. We also call it the Christmas plant, and it is a favorite gift at Christmas." With the languid grace of the high-born Mexican he took a branch from my bouquet, and told me this story:

"It was named Poinsetta," he said, "from a South Carolina diplomat, Joel Roberts Poinsett, who spent some time in Mexico City in 1828. He discovered and classified it. It is a native of Mexico, though since its discovery it has been scattered nearly all over the world. However, long before Senor Poinsett came, the plant was simply a green weed having as its flower a little bunch of yellow pods that now form the center of the scarlet whorl.

"It was nearing Christmas and all the land was preparing to celebrate the coming of the baby Christ. Every church and every chapel in Mexico had its manger in which lay an image of the infant Saviour. All day, on Christmas Eve, the townspeople flocked with flowers to decorate in His honor. Gorgeous set pieces, garlands of roses, masses of lilies were taken to the holy shrine. The children were there, too, for the children are a part of any Mexican fiesta, and especially for the Christ child, for tomorrow would He not send gifts to those who had been good?

"Here in Mexico, senora, you see, are terrible contrasts of wealth and poverty. In the outer district sitting in the sun by the door of a jacal one small, dark-eyed child grieved and mourned. The tears filled her eyes, for her sorrow was real. In the early morning she had crept into the dim cathedral, and, kneeling on the rocks, sighed that she did not have a single flower for the baby Christ, nor a centavo with which to buy one. Evening came, and her grief was pitiful, for the Mexican's religion is part of him. Suddenly a peace came over her. She raised her eyes and saw a beautiful angel hovering over her. The angel spoke and said: 'Why are you sad? Peace and good will should fill the land.' Without hesitation, the sad-eyed child told her sorrow, and somehow she was filled with a great calm. The angel said: 'Pluck the weed by the roadside and place it on the altar.'

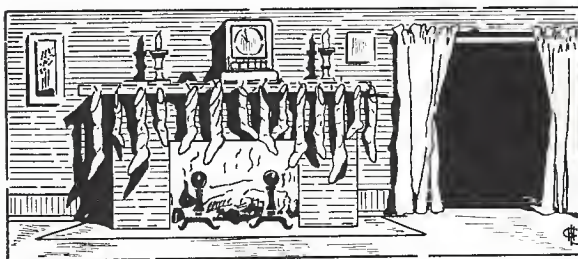
"Oh," said the child, her face again becoming clouded, 'I cannot place a weed among the beautiful flowers at the altar.'

"Again the vision spoke. 'Fear not to make your offering; God looks beyond into the heart.'

"The angel disappeared, but the child obediently gathered the weed by the roadside, and went to the church. It was brilliantly lighted now, and filled with a vast crowd. After crossing herself, she went direct to where the baby Christ lay and placed her plant in the midst of the gorgeous tropical bloom. She bent her head and whispered her prayer. Then for a moment her eyes rested where she had placed the green weed with its yellow berries. Now around these berries the slender leaves had become a vivid scarlet whorl, and her flower was as a crown of glory at the holy shrine.

"That is why, senora, the Poinsetta is the most prized of all Mexican flowers for the beloved Christmastide."

The sun was sinking behind the pink-tipped clouds, and beyond the blue mountains around us, and the quiet valley far beneath. The look, half of childish faith, on the face of this loyal son of Mexico, grown old in her service, impressed me strangely with the beauty and fancy of this old, old legend.



A Christmas Greeting

Once more the ancient Yuletide chimes—,
From old grey steeples on the wold
Peal out, and I too, growing old
Am sending you my feeble rhymes.

Though faint and tuneless as the drone
Of Summer insects of a day,
I trust, like them, these lines convey
A kindly cheer that is their own.

And though the world's tumultuous noise
Shall drown their brief and humble song,
It may be that they bear along
Sincerer pleasures, simpler joys.

Which shall be yours midst shock and change:
Or whilst affliction's heavy hand,
Shall lead you through his pain-swept land;
Oh! may you glimpse the mountain range.

Where the eternal sunshine falls;
See shepherds on their upland lawns,
Stretch sun-burnt arms to greet the dawns—,
Hailing Aurora's festivals.

And if the Christmas bells shall ring,
Across the barren cheerless snow:
May you remember Summer's glow
And hope come—Laughing with the Spring.
—The Roycrofter.

Our Idea of Christmas and IChristmas Stories

CHRISTMAS is a time when almost any pleasant thing may happen. This is true, at least, if the story writers are to be believed. Of the many stories in the world's literature which are associated with Christmas, how many deal with benign miracles, with the transformation of evil or unkind characters, the reconciliation of estranged friends and the relief of innocent suffering. Miracles of love. Miracles of friendship. Miracles of tenderness.

And it is right that this should be so. Stories which centre around Christmas must carry in some measure an interpretation of the supreme Miracle which we commemorate on Christmas Day if they are to appeal.

Just today we've been visiting in the home of a friend who spent her earlier Christmas days in her German homeland and learned about the quiet, still, sacred beauty of their "first Christmas Day" when all the family went to church just as they gathered on the "second Christmas Day" (December 26th) for dancing and fun. And it is the sacredness of the "first Christmas Day" (December 25th) and the stories surrounding it, this friend remembers best.

Think of the Christmas stories we've most enjoyed. Of course Dickens' little Cratchits were "steeped in sage and onions to the eyebrows" but they needed just that sort of steeping so badly, as badly as Scrooge himself needed to be steeped in an overflow of loving good will that took in, not only the little Cratchits, but the nephew with whom he'd quarrelled, and Bob, his clerk, and everybody his "Merry Christmas to all the World" could reach. A miracle of transformation.

And O'Henry's story about the young husband and wife who sacrificed each his choicest and only real possession to buy the other a Christmas gift. And the uselessness of the gift but made the tenderness and love shine out the more.

And giving. And an interpretation of real values. These belong to the Christmas story. In the old story of the Christmas Cuckoo perhaps the richest significance is that the really precious gift is the one of seemingly valueless green leaves.

Do you remember Kathleen Norris' story about the woman doctor's finding of an old crust among the out-of-date clothes

she was packing recalling to her memory her brother? He'd always eaten her crusts for her when she, as a child, was compelled to dispose of them and passed them to him under the table. Her brother ate them or carried them away in his pockets. She found a crust on Christmas Eve and went to find her brother and his family whom she'd been neglecting. Charles Norris, the author's husband, sending the story to the publisher, wrote: "Here's the story. I wept as I read it."

Sometimes we think that we've become very materialistic, very matter-of-fact about our Christmas giving. But if the Christmas literature we read is an indication of the Christmas idea we hold isn't it the miraculous, loving, giving Christmas we really want?

A Test

"Is it a love match?"

"It must be. They played bridge as partners all summer and are still fond of each other."—Detroit Free Press.



An Invitation to Santa

Wyoming, December 1st.

Mr. Santa Claus,
Christmas Land,
Far North.

Dear Old Santa Claus:

We are so anxious to have you as our honor guest at the Annual Christmas party in our halls on Christmas Eve, December 24th. There will be a Christmas tree, a program and dancing, and we know you'd find so many of your very own friends who love you present, that you'd enjoy it all.

Our U. M. W. of A. Christmas committees, Community Councils, Sunday Schools and Woman's Clubs always help arrange our parties and have commissioned us to be very sure that you come in good time.

As always,

BOYS AND GIRLS of Tono,
Cumberland, Rock Springs, Reliance,
Winton, Superior and Hanna.

Immigration For the Year 1927-8

The total immigration for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1928, was 500,631, comprising 307,255 immigrants and 193,376 nonimmigrants, a decrease of 37,370, or 6.9 per cent, compared with the previous year, the immigration for which was 538,001, made up of 335,175 immigrant and 202,826 nonimmigrant aliens, and a decrease of 4,525, or 1 per cent, as compared with the fiscal year 1926, when 496,106—304,488 immigrant and 191,618 nonimmigrant—aliens were admitted.

Alien departures during the past fiscal year numbered 274,356, an increase of 20,848 over the year 1927 when 253,508 aliens left the country. The net increase of population as the result of immigration of aliens during the year 1928 was 226,275, or 20.5 per cent below the corresponding figure of 284,493 for the fiscal year 1927.

Of the 500,631 aliens admitted last year, 355,389, or 71 per cent, entered at the seaports and 145,242 at the land border ports. During the same period 18,839 aliens were refused admission, 16,405 being rejected at the land border ports and 2,434 at the seaports. At the seaports, about 7 aliens out of every 1,000 seeking admission were rejected, while at New York alone, the port of landing for over four-fifths of the seaport arrivals, less than 4 per 1,000 applicants were debarré.

The principal races furnishing immigrant aliens in the fiscal year 1928 were the Mexican (57,765), German (54,157), Irish (38,193), English (33,597), Scotch (23,177), Italian (18,740), Scandinavian (18,664), and French (17,963). These eight races, with 85.3 per cent of the total immigrants for the past fiscal year, sent 28,609, or 9.8 per cent, less than the number they contributed during the previous fiscal year.

A total of 11,625 undesirable aliens were deported during the last fiscal year under warrant proceedings, the peak month of the year being August with 1,346, followed closely by June when 1,309 aliens left the country. While the bulk of these deportees entered the United States without proper documents—surreptitious entries—the bureau rid the country of 1,211 criminals, 959 insane, epileptic or mentally deficient, and 563 immoral persons. Europe, with 5,021, received the largest number of the year's deportees, while 2,934 were sent to Mexico, 2,511 to Canada, 297 to the West Indies, 218 to Central and South America, 232 to China, 108 to Japan, and 304 to the other countries.

The Limited

By Covington Hall

I heard afar a whistle's wail,
A humming murmur down the rail;
And then I saw a spear of light
Piercing through the shrouding night;
And then—a rush, a hurtling roar,
And silence swamped the Earth once more;
The Limited had come and gone,
Arrow-like into the dawn.

The lonely station on the plain
Seemed lonelier than e'er again.
The key ticked on; the fog closed in,
And yet the air felt cold and thin,—
Between us and the world outside,
The distance seemed more vast and wide;
The Limited had come and gone,
Arrow-like into the dawn.

Directions

Cop: (to sweet young thing turning right against one-way traffic stream): "Hey, you can't do that."

S. Y. T.: "Why?"

Cop: "Well, a right turn is wrong—the left turn is right. If you wanna turn right turn left and then—ah, go ahead."

The Pecksniffs and Chuzzlewits Ride Together

From Martin Chuzzlewit

-:- By Charles Dickens

WHEN Mr. Pecksniff and the two young ladies got into the heavy coach at the end of the lane, they found it empty, which was a great comfort; particularly as the outside was quite full and the passengers looked very frosty. For as Mr. Pecksniff just observed—when he and his daughters had burrowed their feet deep in the straw, wrapped themselves to the chin, and pulled up both windows—it is always satisfactory to feel, in keen weather, that many other people are not as warm as you are. And this, he said, was quite natural, and a very beautiful arrangement; not confined to coaches, but extending itself into many social ramifications. "For (he observed), if every one were warm and well fed, we should lose the satisfaction of admiring the fortitude with which certain conditions of men bear cold and hunger. And if we were no better off than anybody else, what would become of our sense of gratitude; which," said Mr. Pecksniff with tears in his eyes, as he shook his fist at a beggar who wanted to get up behind, "is one of the holiest feelings of our common nature."

His children heard with becoming reverence these moral precepts from the lips of their father, and signified their acquiescence in the same by smiles. That he might the better feed and cherish that sacred flame of gratitude in his breast, Mr. Pecksniff remarked that he would trouble his eldest daughter, even in this early stage of their journey, for the brandy bottle. And from the narrow neck of that stone vessel, he imbibed a copious refreshment.

"What are we?" said Mr. Pecksniff, "but coaches? Some of us are slow coaches—"

"Goodness, pa!" cried Charity.

"Some of us, I say," returned her parent with increased emphasis, "are slow coaches; some of us are fast coaches. Our passions are the horses; and rampant animals too!"

"Really, pa!" cried both the daughters at once. "How very unpleasant."

"And rampant animals, too!" repeated Mr. Pecksniff, with so much determination, that he may be said to have exhibited, at the moment, a sort of moral rampancy himself: "and Virtue is the drag. We start from The Mother's Arms, and we run to The Dust Shovel."

When he said this, Mr. Pecksniff, being exhausted, took some further refreshment. When he had done that, he corked the bottle tight, with the air of a man who had effectually corked the subject also; and went to sleep for three stages.

The tendency of mankind when it falls asleep in coaches is to wake up cross; to find its legs in its way; and its corn an aggravation. Mr. Pecksniff not being exempt from the common lot of humanity

found himself, at the end of his nap, so decidedly the victim of these infirmities that he had an irresistible inclination to visit them upon his daughters; which he had already begun to do in the shape of divers random kicks, and other unexpected motions of his shoes, when the coach stopped, and, after a short delay, the door was opened.

"Now mind," said a thin sharp voice in the dark. "I and my son go inside, because the roof is full, but, you agree only to charge us outside prices. It's quite understood that we won't pay more. Is it?"

"All right, sir," replied the guard.

"Is there anybody inside now?" inquired the voice.

"Three passengers," returned the guard.

"Then I ask the three passengers to witness this bargain, if they will be so good," said the voice. "My boy, I think we may safely get in."

In pursuance of which opinion, two people took their seats in the vehicle, which was solemnly licensed by Act of Parliament to carry any six persons who could be got in at the door.

"That was lucky," whispered the old man, when they moved on again. "And a great stroke of policy in you to observe it. He, he, he! We couldn't have gone outside. I should have died of rheumatism!"

Whether it occurred to the dutiful son that he had in some degree over-reached himself by contributing to the prolongation of his father's days, or whether the cold had affected his temper, is doubtful. But he gave his father such a nudge in reply that that good old gentleman was taken with a cough which lasted for full five minutes, without intermission, and goaded Mr. Pecksniff to that pitch of irritation that he said at last, and very suddenly:

"There is no room! There is really no room in this coach for any gentleman with a cold in his head!"

"Mine," said the old man, after a moment's pause, "is upon my chest, Pecksniff."

The voice and manner together now that he spoke out; the composure of the speaker; the presence of his son; and his knowledge of Mr. Pecksniff; afforded a clue to his identity which it was impossible to mistake.

"Hem! I thought," said Mr. Pecksniff, returning to his usual mildness, "that I addressed a stranger. I find that I address a relative. Mr. Anthony Chuzzlewit and his son Mr. Jonas—for they, my dear children, are our travelling companions—will excuse me for an apparently harsh remark. It is not my desire to wound the feelings of any person with whom I am connected in family bonds. I may be a hypocrite," said Mr. Pecksniff, cuttingly, "but I am not a brute."

"Are you travelling to London, Mr. Pecksniff?" asked the son.

"Yes, Mr. Jonas, we are travelling to London. We shall have the pleasure of your company all the way, I trust?"

"Well, cousin!" said Mr. Jonas to one of the girls, "Because we are cousins, you know, a few times removed: so you're going to London?"

Miss Mercy replied in the affirmative, pinching her sister's arm at the same time, and giggling excessively.

"Lots of beaux in London, cousin!" said Mr. Jonas, slightly advancing his elbow.

"Indeed, sir!" cried the young lady. "They won't hurt us, sir, I dare say." And having given him this answer with great demureness, she was so overcome by her own humor, that she was fain to stifle her merriment in her sister's shawl.

"Mercy," cried the more prudent damsel, "really I am ashamed of you. How can you go on so? You wild thing!" At which Miss Mercy only laughed the more, of course.

"Don't mind crowding me," cried Mr. Jonas. "I like to be crowded by gals. Come a little closer, cousin."

"No, thank you, sir," said Charity.

"There's that other one a-laughing again," said Mr. Jonas; "she's a-laughing at my father, I shouldn't wonder. If he puts on that old flannel nightcap of his, I don't know what she'll do! Is that my father a-snoring, Pecksniff?"

"Yes, Mr. Jonas."

"Tread upon his foot, will you be so good?" said the young gentleman. "The foot next you's the gouty one."

Mr. Pecksniff hesitating to perform this friendly office, Mr. Jonas did it himself, at the same time crying—

"Come, wake up, father, or you'll be having the nightmare, and screeching out, I know.—Do you ever have the nightmare, cousin?" he asked his neighbor, with characteristic gallantry, as he dropped his voice again.

"Sometimes," answered Charity. "Not often."

"The other one," said Mr. Jonas, after a pause. "Does she ever have the nightmare?"

"I don't know," replied Charity. "You had better ask her."

"She laughs so," said Jonas; "there's no talking to her. Only hark how she's a-going on now! You're the sensible one, cousin!"

"Tut, tut!" cried Charity.

"Oh! But you are! You know you are!"

"Mercy is a little giddy," said Miss Charity. "But she'll sober down in time."

"It'll be a very long time, then, if she does at all," replied her cousin. "Take a little more room."

"I am afraid of crowding you," said Charity. But she took it notwithstanding; and after one or two remarks on the extreme heaviness of the coach, and the number of places it stopped at, they fell into a

silence which remained unbroken by any member of the party until supper time.

Although Mr. Jonas conducted Charity to the hotel and sat himself beside her at the board, it was pretty clear that he had an eye to "the other one" also, for he often glanced across at Mercy, and seemed to draw comparisons between the personal appearance of the two, which were not unfavourable to the superior plumpness of the younger sister. He allowed himself no great leasure for this kind of observation, however, being busily engaged with the supper, which, as he whispered in his fair companion's ear, was a contract business, and therefore the more she ate, the better the bargain was. His father and Mr. Pecksniff, probably acting on the same wise principle, demolished everything that came within their reach, and by that means acquired a greasy expression of countenance, indicating contentment, if not repletion, which it was very pleasant to contemplate.

When they could eat no more, Mr. Pecksniff and Mr. Jonas subscribed for two sixpennyworths of hot brandy and water, which the latter gentleman considered a more politic order than one shilling's worth; there being a chance of their getting more spirit out of the innkeeper under this arrangement than if it were all in one glass. Having swallowed his share of the enlivening fluid, Mr. Pecksniff, under pretense of going to see if the coach were ready, went secretly to the bar, and had his own little bottle filled, in order that he might refresh himself at leisure in the dark coach without being observed.

These arrangements concluded, and the coach being ready, they got into their old places and jogged on again. But before he composed himself for a nap, Mr. Pecksniff delivered a kind of grace after meat, in these words—

"The process of indigestion, as I have been informed by anatomical friends, is one of the most wonderful works of nature. I do not know how it may be with others, but it is a great satisfaction to me to know, when regaling on my humble fare, that I am putting in motion the most beautiful machinery with which we have any acquaintance. I really feel at such times as if I was doing a public service. When I have wound myself up, if I may employ such a term," said Mr. Pecksniff with exquisite tenderness, "and know that I am going, I feel that in the lesson afforded by the works within me, I am a benefactor to my kind!"

As nothing could be added to this, nothing was said; and Mr. Pecksniff, exulting, it may be presumed, in his moral utility, went to sleep again.

The rest of the night wore away in the usual manner. Mr. Pecksniff and Old Anthony kept tumbling against each other and waking up much terrified, or crushed their heads in opposite corners of the coach and strangely tattooed the surface of their faces—Heaven knows how—in their sleep. The coach stopped and went on, and went on and stopped, time out of number. Passengers got up and passengers got down, and fresh horses came and went

and came again, with scarcity any interval between each team as it seemed to those who were dozing, and with a gap of a whole night between every one as it seemed to those who were broadawake. At length they began to jolt and rumble over horribly uneven stones, and Mr. Pecksniff looking out of the window said it was tomorrow morning, and they were there.

Very soon afterwards the coach stopped at the office in the City, and the street in which it was situated was already in a bustle, that fully bore out Mr. Pecksniff's words about its being morning, though for any signs of day yet appearing in the sky it might have been midnight. There was a thick crust upon the pavement like oil cake; which, one of the outsides (mad, no doubt) said to another (his keeper, of course), was Snow!

Laughs

Guides

The tourist guide was getting tired. He had to answer too many dumb questions. "And just where did you say this rock came from?" inquired another wahoo. The guide politely replied that a glacier brought it down. Then up spoke the inquisitive one again: "And, where did the glacier go?"

"Aw," said the guide, "it went back after another rock."

Latin

First Hobo: "When I lie down for a quiet think I realize too tempus fugit is creepin' on."

Second Hobo: "I can't tell yuh de foreign name, but dey're creepin' on me, too!"

Application

A Chinese newspaper contains the following advertisement for work:

"Sir—I am Wong. I can drive a typewriter with good noise and my English is great. My last job left itself from me for good reason that the large man is dead. It was on account of no fault of mine. So, honorable sirs, what about it? If I can be of big use to you, I will arrive on some date that you should guess."

Suited Him

Busy Business Man: "Can't you read? The sign on that door means private."

Canvasser: "I know—and I'm glad it's there. If there's anything I hate it's being interrupted when I'm talking to a prospective customer."

Willing to Help

Traffic Officer (reproachfully): "Young lady, do you know anything about the traffic laws of this city?"

Fair Motorist: "Yes, a little. Can I help you?"

Imagine It

"What are you doing now?"

"Imaginative work."

"What's imaginative work?"

"I imagine what work is like."

Explained

Si: "What makes her so wild?"

Lo: "Her father was a pitcher."

Not Like a House

"Now that you've seen my son and heir," said the proud young father, "which side of the house do you think he resembles?"

"Well," said his astonished bachelor friend, "his full beauty isn't developed yet, but surely you don't suggest that he—er—looks like the side of a house, do you?"—Tit-Bits.

She Forgot

Enid—How do you mean you made a faux pas last night, Viva?

Viva—Well, you see, I told him I'd never been kissed before, and—er—it appears that I was engaged to him last year.—Gaiety.

How Long

She—"I bought a piano awfully cheap today."

He—"How much?"

"I pay three pounds a month."

"For how many months?"

"Oh! I forgot to ask them that."—Tit-Bits.

Let the Reporter Tell

First Burglar—Come on, let's try an' figger out how much jack we made on this haul."

Second Burglar—"Oh, let's wait and look in the morning paper."—Judge.

Married It

"Lena's brother made a fortune in Florida real estate."

"But he's never been to Florida."

"He married a realtor's daughter."—Life.

Misery Gives Pleasure

He—"I shall be quite miserable when I go away and leave you."

She—"Oh, Charles, if I felt sure of that, I'd be quite happy."—Tatler.

Homesick

Sweet Young Thing—"Tell me, don't you sailors ever get most terribly homesick?"

Old Seafarer—"Well, I daresay we should if we had to stop there any length of time."—Passing Show.

A Virtue

"But," protested the new arrival, as St. Peter handed him a golden trumpet, "I can't play this instrument; I never practiced while on earth."

"Of course, you didn't," chuckled the old saint. "That's why you are here."—Zion's Herald.

Specific

"I want to buy a cake of soap," said Mrs. O'Brien to her grocer.

"What kind?"

"I don't remember the name," replied Mrs. O'Brien. "But it's the one the advertisements speak of so highly."—American Legion Weekly.

Not Golf

"I made a hole in one."

"One stroke?"

"No, one sock."—Cornell Widow.

Tell Him Quick

Guide—"Quick! There's a full-grown leopard. Shoot him on the spot!"

Lord Dumleigh—"Which spot? I say, be specific, my man."—Wabash Caveman.

He is back from the beach
And he feels he's been "done" —
Skinned by the landlord
And skinned by the sun.

Views of Superior Store and Staff



The Superior store and its staff who are, reading from the left: Milt Arbuckle, Mrs. Dave Faddis, Charles Dean, manager; J. E. Waller, Harry Armstrong, Annie McLeod and Eshmer Hartwig.



Outside view of the Superior store with some of its customers: Bob Snodgrass (driving), John Hunter, George McCormick and Frank Parton.

- The Old Timers -

John Sublette, Wyoming Pioneer Passes

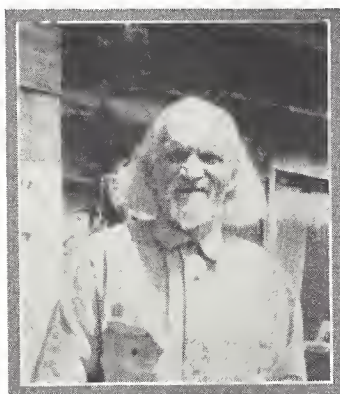
By T. H. Butler.

The many Wyoming friends of John Sublette, as well as those who love the State's early history and those who made it, will learn with regret of the death of this old pioneer and scout which occurred at his ranch home near Elk Mountain on October 3rd, 1928.

Few men of our State have had a more varied and colorful career.

Born in Platte County, Missouri, March 5th, 1840, Mr. Sublette lived there until he was twenty-three years of age. In the early sixties, when men, looking for new worlds to conquer, were starting out over the unmarked trails of the West, he joined one of the westward bound caravans and presently was engaged with a friend, Robert Foote, hauling freight by ox-team from Kansas City to Fort Laramie, Wyoming. Later he settled on a homestead near Elk Mountain where he lived for forty-five years.

Engaged as a Government Scout during his early manhood, Mr. Sublette took part in many of the battles between the Indians and the settlers and played a prominent part in protecting the construction crews engaged in surveying and building the Union Pacific Railroad. He was also himself engaged in construction work for the railway and when the Union Pacific mines were opened at Carbon, he hauled the timber for building the mine by ox-team. He and his ox-team were familiar sights in early Carbon.



John Sublette, a Wyoming Pioneer.

White Horse Canyon, between Walcott and Fort Steele, through which the present Lincoln Highway passes, was so named by Mr. Sublette because, once a companion on a hunting expedition, mistaking a white horse for a deer, shot the horse.

Mr. Sublette was also responsible for the naming of Bloody Lake, a small lake midway between Hanna and Elk Mountain. Following an Indian uprising and battle in which this Scout was engaged along with a number of United States soldiers, the soldiers being almost annihilated, Mr. Sublette noticed that the water of the lake was red with blood, and called it Bloody Lake, the name it still carries.

This grand old man lived to see many changes in the State of his adoption. He saw the warlike Indian disappear, the rifle laid aside for the plow and reaper; he saw the plains and mountain ranges stocked with sheep and cattle; he witnessed the cart replaced with the locomotive; the coming of the automobile and airplane, the latter often passing over his mountain home. In place of the Indian tepee, he saw the home of progressive ranchers, and appreciated the changes as inevitable incidents in the development of our progress and civilization, the laying of the foundation for which he had played a prominent and necessary part.

He was married in 1868 to Anne Mosier, and to this union fourteen children were born. Mrs. Sublette predeceased

her husband and only three sons and four daughters are alive.

He remained kindly and genial to the last; upright, honest and just; a true friend, a kind husband and father, a good citizen; a gentleman.

Funeral services were held at the family home, Rev. J. M. Johnston of the Methodist Church of Hanna officiating. A large number of old friends attended the funeral, the pallbearers being John Milliken, Wm. Richardson, Charles Paulsen, C. Hastings, John Quealy and T. H. Butler, all close friends of the deceased.

Mr. Sublette was buried on his homestead which he loved so well and where the pines that stand sentinel beside his grave may sing an everlasting requiem over his resting place.

James Rafferty, Reliance Old Timer

James Rafferty of Reliance is one of the town's real old timers, having helped build its houses and having moved his family into his first home there before it was finished.

On November 2nd Mr. Rafferty celebrated his fifty-fifth birthday. He was born in Wisconsin and came west to Evanston when he was just a young man. He is a veteran of the Spanish-American War, having enlisted from Evanston.

He is Safety Patrolman in the Reliance mine and last year passed the mine foreman's examinations of the State Mining Board. He has been President of the Local Union U. M. W. of A. at Reliance and served on the Hospital Commission for years.

He is an enthusiastic fisherman and tells about the first trip he took into the sportsman's country of our north land twenty years ago. He and his family drove north as far as Pinedale in a covered wagon and fished in Boulder Creek and the streams of the Sweetwater country, spending three weeks on the trip and taking almost as many days as it now takes hours to reach a camping base near Pinedale.

Mr. Rafferty was married in Evanston to Miss Maggie Mason and has one son, Jack, a popular young man of Reliance.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Rafferty are known for their wholesome good humor and good heartedness. Mr. Rafferty is an Irishman and surely contradicts the popular idea that an Irishman likes to fight since he's never been known to be in bad humor and is invariably kind, with enough wit and thorough-going humor to bring fun into any situation.



Mr. and Mrs. James Rafferty with their only son, Jack Rafferty, at twelve years of age.

Mrs. Eliza Davis Griffiths Called Home

The Union Pacific family and the old timers of Rock Springs sorrow with the family of Mrs. Griffiths in the loss of a valued friend and pioneer who died at her home in Harding Court on Sunday, October 21, after a short illness.

Mrs. Griffiths came to Rock Springs with her parents from Johnstown, Penn., when she was eighteen years old and when there were only three young ladies of her age in the town. She was married to Morgan Griffiths in Rock Springs in 1885. Mr. Griffiths was associated with The Union Pacific Coal Company for many years and at the

time of his death was general superintendent.

Mrs. Griffiths, since her husband's death, has had the constant and loving attention of her six sons, Lewis, William, Thomas, Morgan, Evan and Emlyn; and of her daughter, Mrs. W. G. Carr who also lives in Harding Court and was a daily visitor at her mother's home. She is also mourned by her two granddaughters, Eileen and Arnetta Carr of whom she was particularly fond.

She was a member of the Methodist Church and it was at

this church, which she attended regularly even after her health began to fail, that the funeral services were held. Reverend W. T. Methvin, pastor, officiated and many, many friends of the family, among whom were the entire Auditing staff of The Union Pacific Coal Company, followed the funeral procession, to pay a last sad tribute to a pioneer mother and to offer what sympathy they might to her daughter and sons who had loved her so dearly.

Beside the grave's new-rounded sod

By some dear instinct close we come,
Heart drawn to heart, tho' we are dumb,
And dumbly seek to share the rod.

We do not know what is to be

We cannot guess, we cannot see;
We can but stand and wait for God.

Mrs. George Smith

There are few folks in Rock Springs who do not know Mrs. "Geordie" Smith, who lives in a vine clad and tidy home on Fourth Street, near enough to be interested in everything that goes on in the First Aid Hall, where "Geordie" himself has been chief dispatcher of smokers and interest for a good many years.

Mrs. Smith was born in Dreghorn, in the mining district of Ayrshire, Scotland. She came to the United States and Rock Springs in 1910 with her son, Robert, who was then fourteen years old. Mr. Smith had preceded them and prepared their home.

Four years ago the Smiths went back to Scotland and visited their old friends and old haunts and were glad to tell about the developments in their new home.

Mrs. Smith recently passed her sixty-third birthday and received the congratulations and good wishes of her friends, among whom are Mr. and Mrs. Ben Dowell of Tono and Centralia, Washington, and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Stark, Re-



Mrs. George Smith at the door of her Fourth Street home, Rock Springs.

liance. She doesn't mind admitting that she had her picture taken to preserve her first bobbed hair curl and that she wouldn't have long hair again for anything, public favor to the contrary notwithstanding.

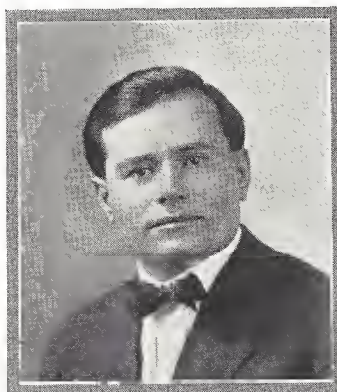
Sam Tolzi, Reliance Member of The Union Pacific Coal Company Old Timers' Association

Sam Tolzi doesn't look old enough to be an old timer in anything, but he nevertheless is a member of The Union Pacific Coal Company Old Timers' Association and has lived and worked in Reliance ever since the mines there were opened.

He is a Croatian and was born at Vrgorac, Austria, October 13, 1890. He came to this country twenty-four years ago and began to work at old No. Nine, Rock Springs, twenty-three years ago.

In 1919 he was married to Miss Mary Cukale, and has two children, Frances and Billy.

The Tolzi family belong to the Rock Springs branch of the



Sam Tolzi, Reliance.

tional Croatian Society and are members of the North Side Catholic Church.

Mr. and Mrs. Tolzi are interested in the things that make for community development, Mrs. Tolzi being an officer of the Reliance Woman's Club.

Of Interest To Women

Christmas Dinner Recipes

Every housekeeper is glad to have new recipes and to exchange recipes that have been tried. This year Miss Julia Woland, B. Sc., food expert and nutritionist of the Rock Springs schools, has prepared this set of Christmas dinner recipes especially for the readers of this page, and offers them to us with her Christmas greetings.—EDITOR.

CHRISTMAS DINNER

	Fruit Cocktail	
	Roast Turkey	
Oyster Dressing	Gravy	Mashed Potatoes
	Red Beets and Peas, Buttered	
Pickles		Olives, stuffed
	Cranberry Frappe	
	Poinsetta Salad	
Cloverleaf Rolls		Butter Balls
	Zwiebach Pie	
	Coffee	
Nuts		Mints (Red and Green)



Fruit Cocktail

Pineapple White Grapes
Oranges Red Cherries Marshmallows

Make a syrup from pineapple juice and sugar. Cool and add diced fruit and marshmallows.

Roast Turkey

Prepare turkey for roasting as any other fowl. Be sure to season well inside and out with salt and pepper. Do this the day before so as to season through the meat. Place oyster stuffing in turkey. Put in roasting pan and spread over with flour and butter ($\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of flour mixed together.) Place in hot oven and when the flour begins to brown, reduce heat, and baste every fifteen minutes until turkey is cooked, which will require about 3 hours for a ten pound turkey.

Garnish with curled celery and rings of carrots.

Curled Celery

Wash celery and remove strings. Cut in three inch lengths. Make several cuts in each end, one inch deep, $\frac{1}{4}$ inch apart. Chill, until the cut end curls in ice water. A slice of lemon added to the ice water keeps the celery white.

Oyster Dressing

3 cups bread crumbs Salt and pepper
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted butter Few drops onion juice
1 pint oysters

Mix ingredients in the order given, add oysters, cleaned and drained from liquor. Sometimes milk may be used to moisten bread crumbs, also addition of 2 eggs.

Cranberry Frappe

$1\frac{1}{2}$ quarts cranberries 1 lemon
6 cups sugar 1 cup thick cream

Boil cranberries in six cups of water for eight minutes. Strain. Add sugar to the juice and bring to boiling point. Add lemon juice and freeze to a soft mush, then stir in cream and finish freezing.

Serve with turkey.

Cloverleaf Rolls

1 cup scalded milk $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons of fat 3 to $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour
2 tablespoons of sugar 1 cake compressed yeast

Add fat, sugar and salt to scalded milk. When luke warm add compressed yeast. Then add flour to make dough ready for kneading. Let rise double in bulk, place in warm place let rise again. Take dough and make three small balls placing them in a muffin ring or pan. Brush over lightly with melted butter and let rise. Bake 15 minutes in oven. Brush with melted butter. Serve hot.

Poinsetta Salad

Peel and chill tomatoes for number of guests present. Marinate (let stand) in French dressing. Cut lengthwise in eighths. Place on lettuce leaf in shape of Poinsetta. Take yolk of hard boiled egg and put through a ricer. Take some of this and put in center of flower made of tomato. Add small amount of mayonnaise dressing.

French Dressing

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt 2 T. vinegar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper 4 T. olive or vegetable oil

Put ingredients in small cream jar and shake. One tablespoon, each, of lemon juice and vinegar may be used.

Zwiebach Pie

Mix together 1 cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter (melted), and two tablespoons of cinnamon. Add to this one box of ground zwiebach.

Line two pie tins with this mixture, bringing well up on the sides and bake until brown.

Filling

2 cups of milk $\frac{1}{3}$ cup cold milk
2 tablespoons flour 3 tablespoons of hot water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar 3 egg whites
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt 3 egg yolks
1 teaspoon vanilla

Mix flour, sugar and salt together, add cold milk, then add to scalded milk. Beat yolks of eggs and add to mixture. Cook over hot water ten minutes, stirring constantly until thickened. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ the whites of eggs beaten stiff, and vanilla.

Now place filling over first mixture.

Cover with meringue left from white of eggs.

Brown in oven. May be served cold.

Fussy Christians

One of the difficult problems that faces a Christian is to discriminate between religion and religiosity; between piety and pretense; between an ascetic and a neurotic. Neurosis is jumpy and bossy and ill-tempered. It looks upon flattery as incense and contradiction as sacrilege. It confuses personal opinion with the will of God and personal humiliation with martyrdom. It is apt in anathemas and rather dull in perceiving its own faults or pardoning the faults of others. And it is just as liable to afflict a Protestant as a Catholic, each being much the same kind of a human to start with, and each liable to make the same mess of his religion if he misinterprets it.

I am very sure that while the Master was often severe, He was never sour; while He was sometimes righteously indignant He was never irritable; while He rebuked His disciples firmly He never scolded them.

There is such a near focus between religious virtues and

religious vices that, while we can judge them readily in others, we have the same difficulty in seeing them in ourselves that a man has in seeing the end of his own nose with both eyes open. It takes a single eye to see the spot there and then not very clearly.

After all the essence of Christ's Gospel is very very difficult because it involves treating ourselves roughly. You are not hitting yourself when you are dusting your clothes or chastising your child.

If you want to do something hard, beat yourself when you are spoiled or whine yourself when you have been naughty.

Just in so far as you specialize on other people's faults you are becoming an expert in their transgressions. If you have to be a fussy Christian, spend your time fussing with yourself. It is more profitable.—Bishop Irving P. Johnson in "The Witness."

Reliance Brides

Mrs. Leo. Hanna and Mrs. Rudolph Ebeling entertained at a bridge luncheon complimenting Mrs. Dave Freeman, a Reliance bride of this season.



Miss Ethel Portwood, as a Hal-lowe'en sprite, assisted the hostess.

Friends from Winton, Reliance and Rock Springs were guests at the beautifully appointed luncheon table and gathered around the honoree to admire the "shower" of pretty household linens her friends had brought. At bridge prizes were won by Mrs. H. Lawrence. Miss Dorothy Leslie and Mrs. Tom Foster.

Mrs. Leonard Hansen, another Reliance bride, received a host of friends at a surprise "shower" in early november, old friends from Rock Springs, where she

formerly lived, and many new friends from Reliance who wished to extend good wishes and to welcome Mrs. Hansen to her new home.



At the luncheon complimenting Mrs. Dave Freeman there were, back row: Mrs. Freeman, Mrs. Nick Burns, Mrs. R. Ebeling (hostess), Mrs. Harry Lawrence, Mrs. R. Gibbs, Mrs. A. Sellers, Mrs. Marshall; front row: Miss Scotty McKenzie, Miss Dorothy Leslie, Mrs. R. Johnson, Mrs. T. Foster, Mrs. L. Hansen, Mrs. Z. Portwood, Mrs. James Rafferty, Mrs. A. Meyers, Mrs. Leo Hanna (hostess).

Girls All Girls

Hanna First Aid Girls Tell About Prize Trip

By Us

"MUGGS the writing room!"

"Muggs Irene's fountain pen!"

"Oh, I muggs the Garden of the Gods."

"Muggs the lower berth!"

"I muggs to tell about the demonstration and the man who asked us how to fix his foot."

"Muggs the Cave of the Winds, and you mustn't cut out about Irene and the shrine."

We'd promised to write about our trip and since we'd been "muggsing" the things we wanted all through the trip we started as soon as we boarded the train to Denver to choose the parts of our trip we'd rather write about and where we'd like to write. And of course the first one who "muggs" a location always has her choice respected. One of our officers said they always "chased" things where she was brought up but we'd much rather "muggs" them.

And after dinner as we were rapidly leaving Colorado behind we piled into one Pullman seat (except the two Helens who'd "muggsed" the writing room) and started this story, each writing a part of it, to be put together now as we recall again the most wonderful time any group of girls ever had.

The Girl Scout National Convention was being held at the Broadmoor Hotel, Colorado Springs, and so it was very wonderful for us to be able to make our visit at the same time and catch a share of the enthusiasm and inspiration of the many Girl Scout leaders who were gathered to consider and study the program of Girl Scouting.

We went to the equipment department display. And how we adored the new uniforms. And camp costumes. The new uniform is a grey-green but camp uniforms were shown in many colors. (Not an overall among the lot). We thought we'd like the bloomer and middy uniforms with a skirt which we need not wear when in a First Aid contest. Next we visited the camp equipment section. There were tents and cooking utensils and many smaller necessities. We were especially interested in the small First Aid boxes and the fire irons. A leather work exhibit nearby too was lovely. And then we felt at home in the display room of the "American Girl," our own magazine. Miss Coral Sherwood, a Girl Scout of Colorado Springs, took us through.

And that evening we were invited to her home for dinner. You would really love Coral, we know. She is a girl of love and seemed to love everyone to whom she spoke as we went about with her. We drove by the Colorado Springs' Girl Scout House, which will be described later, and around the town. At Sherwood's home we were first met by Ola Alfson, Coral's angora cat. A beautiful cat. We met Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood and Gladys Geyers. And we loved them all.

After dinner we gathered around the fireplace and sang Scout songs and told stories.

Coral then initiated all the girls in the Boots and Shoes Club. Maybe Mac will initiate the girls up her way if you wish to join and we would like you all for members. We went back to the hotel to sleep and dream.

On Saturday, October 13th, we decided to go on a very interesting tour of the country around Colorado Springs. We left in a large car after our demonstration in the Chamber of Commerce. First we came to the entrance of the Garden of the Gods, then to the Hidden Inn where we saw an Indian woman making very interesting blankets. This Inn was certainly wonderful on account of the curious

things in it. Outside again and the first wonderful rock we saw was the Lion's Head, then the Cathedral of Rocks and the Three Graces. Near this is Deception Rock which looks very small but is really nine feet tall. The rocks are red sand stone and we saw a sphinx, a bear and a seal. Oh, and all of you Scots who've never seen Harry Lauder had better go to the Garden of the Gods. There's a perfect picture of him there. (This was Helen Rennie's favorite.) Rock onions and mushrooms were exactly like the real ones. Everyone enjoyed this trip. In the Inn is a petrified Indian. It was excavated in 1889 in Southern California. This was the very first time we'd ever seen a petrified person. We'd like to go to the Garden of the Gods next year.

During our trip through the Garden of the Gods we decided to visit the Cave of the Winds. It was found by two boys, John and Harry Pickett, in 1895. They were twelve and fourteen years old. In the cave the temperature varies very little being 52 degrees in winter and 53 degrees in summer. In the first room are many colors. Wonderful formations are everywhere, a buffalo head, bat's wings and a frozen cataract. Down some stairs and then there is the Hall of Diamonds, given its name because of the many brilliant diamond-like formations. This cave room is ninety feet long. The stalactite grapes which are so beautiful in the next room are said to have taken three thousand years to form. On and on we went until we were in the sixteenth room. The guide turned out the lights so that we might experience complete darkness. Crystal Palace is a beautiful cave. A Madonna, a glove, an Irishman's pipe all intrigued us. Then came Bridal Chamber in which several couples have been married. And if you promise not to tell we'll whisper that Helen and Irene were especially interested in it. The rest of us went on to Old Maid's Kitchen where are millions of hairpins left by visitors because an old tale says that a pin left here will insure good luck for a year. We added a few to these and at the top found postal cards and candy bars.

We were entertained at tea at the Girl Scout House and wished for a Scout home of our own. A friend of Girl Scouting gave this house to the Colorado Springs' Girl Scouts and all the troops meet there. On one side is the office of the director and a lovely Brownie room. A recreation room, a dining room and a kitchen on the other side are beautifully cosy. We enjoyed seeing it.

We gave a First Aid demonstration at the Colorado Springs Chamber of Commerce. We prepared a problem and gave it to the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce. Some of the people asked us questions afterwards and wanted to know all about First Aid. We also had our pictures taken by the newspaper photographer.

At Denver we shopped on our way home and went to the theatre. We saw "Wings," a very wonderful show.

And we heard a Vitaphone. We'd heard about it but could hardly imagine it. And at night we went to the Denham Theatre. Frances Starr was the leading lady and if you asked any of us we'd all say she is a real star.

Then we had to think of Home Sweet Home. We arrived at the depot at 6:10. And we asked ourselves how we could possibly call our trip over. We had dinner, then we went out to the observation car and to the platform where we treated ourselves to all our old songs and everybody thought we were a basketball team coming home from winning a game.

We had to get up at five o'clock. We'd had a wonderful time, a most wonderful time and we "mugs" the next trip. We wish it might be to Colorado Springs.

The Hanna Girls "mugs" the next First Aid trip.

Hallowe'en Parties

Every troop in the district seems to have done its best to ride a black witch's broom to victory in the matter of Hallowe'en parties. Troop I held theirs at the Methodist Church; Troop IV forgot they were Indians and became goblins and ghosts at the Baptist Church; the little Ravens entertained each a friend at the home of their lieutenant, Miss Ada Son; the Owlettes kept their own emblem and



Mollie Bozner and Annie Markisich of Rock Springs in their Hallowe'en costumes.

Hallowe'en decorations to welcome the Superior Climbers; the Nightingales made everybody bob for apples and offered to do the bobbing for unsuccessful visitors, entertaining at the No. 4 Community Hall with Mrs. McMillan in charge of the popular pantatroupe.

Hanna Mount Elks write they needed one whole meeting to hear their First Aid Team tell about their trip to Colorado, and Mrs. Carlson, Captain, suggests that the team members should join the staff of a travel bureau. Then they had a Hallowe'en party and carried out some of the stunts they learned while away.

The Nyodas

The Nyodas are welcoming their old Captain, Miss Cornieleussen back, and meet in two sections every week. Now we all have to learn to spell Miss Cornieleussen's name all over again—if we ever knew how.

Reliance Bears

At Reliance the Bears are preparing for an investiture service, to which they have asked their mothers. They have



Dora Ackerslund,
a Cumberland
High School
Freshman.

heaps of new games and songs since their Captain's return from National Training Camp.

Girl Scout Christmas Plans

Girl Scouts in Rock Springs have already asked Miss Shields, Superintendent, Wyoming General Hospital, for the privilege of preparing a tree for the children who are in the hospital on Christmas Day.

The Owlettes will again remember the old men at the Infirmary, and troops everywhere will offer their help to the general Christmas Committees.

A general bulletin will go out from the Leaders' Association about our Christmas Carols.

Our Little Folks

The Christmas Cuckoo

By Frances Browne (Adapted)

ONCE upon a time there stood in the midst of a black moor, in the North Country, a certain village. All its inhabitants were poor, for their fields were barren, and they had little trade; but the poorest of them all were two brothers called Scrub and Spare, who followed the cobbler's craft. Their hut was built of clay and wattles. The door was low and always open, for there was no window. The roof did not entirely keep out the rain and the only thing comfortable was a wide fireplace, for which the brothers could never find wood enough to make sufficient fire. There they worked in most brotherly friendship, though with little encouragement.

On one unlucky day a new cobbler arrived in the village. He had lived in the capital city of the kingdom and, by his own account, cobbled for the queen and the princesses. His awls were sharp, his lasts were new; he set up his stall in a neat cottage with two windows. The villagers soon found out that one patch of his would outwear two of the brothers'. In short, all the mending left Scrub and Spare, and went to the new cobbler.

The season had been wet and cold, their barley did not ripen well, and the cabbages never half-closed in the garden. So the brothers were poor that winter, and when Christmas came they had nothing to feast on but a barley loaf and a piece of rusty bacon. Worse than that, the snow was very deep and they could get no firewood.

Their hut stood at the end of the village; beyond it stood the bleak moor, now all white and silent. But that moor had once been a forest; great roots of old trees were still to be found in it, loosened from the soil and laid bare by the winds and rains. One of these, a rough, gnarled log, lay hard by their door, the half of it above the snow, and Spare said to his brother:

"Shall we sit here cold on Christmas while the great root lies yonder? Let us chop it up for firewood, the work will make us warm."

"No," said Scrub, "it's not right to chop wood on Christmas; besides, that root is too hard to be broken with my hatchet."

"Hard or not, we must have a fire," replied Spare. "Come, brother, help me in with it. Poor as we are there is nobody in the village will have such a yule log as ours."

Scrub liked a little grandeur, and, in hopes of having a fine yule log, both brothers strained and strove with all their might till, between pulling and pushing, the great old root was safe on the hearth, and beginning to crackle and blaze with the red embers.

In high glee the cobblers sat down to their bread and bacon. The door was shut, for there was nothing but cold moonlight and snow outside; but the hut, strewn with fir boughs and ornamented with holly, looked cheerful as the ruddy blaze fired up and rejoiced their hearts.

Then suddenly from out the blazing root they heard: "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" as plain as ever the spring-bird's voice came over the moor on a May morning.

"What is that?" said Scrub, terribly frightened; "it is something bad!"

"Maybe not," said Spare.

And out of the deep hole at the side of the root, which the fire had not reached, flew a large, gray cuckoo, and lit on the table before them. Much as the cobblers had been surprised, they were still more so when it said:—

"Good gentlemen, what season is this?"

"It's Christmas," said Spare.

"Then a merry Christmas to you!" said the cuckoo. "I went to sleep in the hollow of that old root one evening last summer, and never woke till the heat of your fire made me think it was summer again. But now since you have burned my lodging, let me stay in your hut till the spring comes around,—I only want a hole to sleep in, and when I go on my travels next summer be assured I will bring you some present for your trouble."

"Stay and welcome," said Spare, while Scrub sat wondering if it were something bad or not.

"I'll make you a good warm hole in the thatch," said Spare. "But you must be hungry after that long sleep,—here is a slice of barley bread. Come help us to keep Christmas!"

The cuckoo ate up the slice, drank water from a brown jug, and flew into a snug hole which Spare scooped for it in the thatch of the hut.

Scrub said he was afraid it wouldn't be lucky; but as it slept on and the days passed he forgot his fears.

So the snow melted, the heavy rains came, the cold grew less, the days lengthened, and one sunny morning the brothers were awakened by the cuckoo shouting its own cry to let them know the spring had come.

"Now I'm going on my travels," said the bird, "over the world to tell men of the spring. There is no country where trees bud, or flowers bloom, that I will not cry in before the year goes round. Give me another slice of barley bread to help me on my

journey, and tell me what present I shall bring you at the twelvemonth's end."

Scrub would have been angry with his brother for cutting so large a slice, their store of barley being low, but his mind was occupied with what present it would be most prudent to ask for.

"There are two trees by the well that lies at the world's end," said the cuckoo; "one of them is called the golden tree; for its leaves are all of beaten gold. Every winter they fall into the well with a sound like scattered coin, and I know not what becomes of them. As for the other, it is always green like a laurel. Some call it the wise, and some the merry, tree. Its leaves never fall, but they that get of them keep a blithe heart in spite of all misfortunes, and can make themselves as merry in a hut as in a palace."

"Good master cuckoo, bring me a leaf off that tree!" cried Spare.

"Now, brother, don't be a fool!" said Scrub; "think of the leaves of beaten gold! Dear master cuckoo, bring me one of them!"

Before another word could be spoken the cuckoo had flown out of the open door, and was shouting its spring cry over moor and meadow.

The brothers were poorer than ever that year. Nobody would send them a single shoe to mend, and Scrub and Spare would have left the village but for their barley-field and their cabbage-garden. They sowed their barley, planted their cabbage, and, now that their trade was gone, worked in the rich villagers' fields to make out a scanty living.

So the seasons came and passed; spring, summer, harvest, and winter followed each other as they have done from the beginning. At the end of the latter Scrub and Spare had grown so poor and ragged that their old neighbors forgot to invite them to wedding feasts or merrymakings, and the brothers thought the cuckoo had forgotten them, too, when at daybreak on the first day of April they heard a hard beak knocking at their door, and a voice crying:—

"Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Let me in with my presents!"

Spare ran to open the door, and in came the cuckoo, carrying on one side of its bill a golden leaf larger than that of any tree in the North Country; and in the other side of its bill, one like that of the common laurel, only it had a fresher green.

"Here," it said, giving the gold to Scrub and the green to Spare, "it is a long carriage from the world's end. Give me a slice of barley bread, for I must tell the North Country that the spring has come."

Scrub did not grudge the thickness of that slice, though it was cut from their last loaf. So much gold had never been in the cobbler's hands before, and he could not help exulting over his brother.

"See the wisdom of my choice," he said, holding up the large leaf of gold. "As for yours, as good might be plucked from any hedge, I wonder a sensible bird would carry the like so far."

"Good master cobbler," cried the cuckoo, finishing its slice, "your conclusions are more hasty than

courteous. If your brother is disappointed this time, I go on the same journey every year, and for your hospitable entertainment will think it no trouble to bring each of you whichever leaf you desire."

"Darling cuckoo," cried Scrub, "bring me a golden one."

And Spare, looking up from the green leaf on which he gazed as though it were a crown-jewel, said:—

"Be sure to bring me one from the merry tree."

And away flew the cuckoo.

"This is the feast of All Fools, and it ought to be your birthday," said Scrub. "Did ever man fling away such an opportunity of getting rich? Much good your merry leaves will do in the midst of rags and poverty!"

But Spare laughed at him, and answered with quaint old proverbs concerning the cares that come with gold, till Scrub, at length getting angry, vowed his brother was not fit to live with a respectable man; and taking his lasts, his awls, and his golden leaf, he left the wattle hut, and went to tell the villagers.

They were astonished at the folly of Spare, and charmed with Scrub's good sense, particularly when he showed them the golden leaf, and told that the cuckoo would bring him one every spring.

The new cobbler immediately took him into partnership; the greatest people sent him their shoes to mend. Fairfeather, a beautiful village maiden, smiled graciously upon him; and in the course of that summer they were married, with a grand wedding feast, at which the whole village danced except Spare, who was not invited, because the bride could not bear his low-mindedness, and his brother thought him a disgrace to the family.

As for Scrub he established himself with Fairfeather in a cottage close by that of the new cobbler, and quite as fine. There he mended shoes to everybody's satisfaction, had a scarlet coat and a fat goose for dinner on holidays. Fairfeather, too, had a crimson gown, and fine blue ribbons; but neither she nor Scrub was content, for to buy this grandeur the golden leaf had to be broken and parted with piece by piece, so the last morsel was gone before the cuckoo came with another.

Spare lived on in the old hut, and worked in the cabbage-garden. (Scrub had got the barley-field because he was the elder.) Every day his coat grew more ragged, and the hut more weatherbeaten; but people remarked that he never looked sad or sour. And the wonder was that, from the time any one began to keep his company, he or she grew kinder, happier, and content.

Every first of April the cuckoo came tapping at their doors with the golden leaf for Scrub, and the green for Spare. Fairfeather would have entertained it nobly with wheaten bread and honey, for she had some notion of persuading it to bring two golden leaves instead of one; but the cuckoo flew away to eat barley bread with Spare, saying it was not fit company for fine people, and liked the old

hut where it slept so snugly from Christmas till spring.

Scrub spent the golden leaves, and remained always discontented; and Spare kept the merry ones.

I do not know how many years passed in this manner, when a certain great lord, who owned that village, came to the neighborhood. His castle stood on the moor. It was ancient and strong, with high towers and a deep moat. All the country as far as one could see from the highest turret belonged to its lord; but he had not been there for twenty years, and would not have come then only he was melancholy. And there he lived in a very bad temper. The servants said nothing would please him, and the villagers put on their worst clothes lest he should raise their rents.

But one day in the harvest-time His Lordship chanced to meet Spare gathering water-cresses at a meadow stream, and fell into talk with the cobbler. How it was nobody could tell, but from that hour the great lord cast away his melancholy. He forgot all his woes, and went about with a noble train, hunting, fishing, and making merry in his hall, where all travelers were entertained, and all the poor were welcome.

This strange story spread through the North Country, and great company came to the cobbler's hut,—rich men who had lost their money, poor men who had lost their friends, beauties who had grown old, wits who had gone out of fashion,—all came to talk with Spare, and, whatever their troubles had been, all went home merry.

The rich gave him presents, the poor gave him thanks. Spare's coat ceased to be ragged, he had bacon with his cabbage, and the villagers began to think there was some sense in him.

By this time his fame had reached the capital city, and even the court. There were a great many discontented people there; and the king had lately fallen into ill humor because a neighboring princess, with seven islands for her dowry, would not marry his eldest son.

So a royal messenger was sent to Spare, with a velvet mantle, a diamond ring, and a command that he should repair to court immediately.

"To-morrow is the first of April," said Spare, "and I will go with you two hours after sunrise."

The messenger lodged all night at the castle, and the cuckoo came at sunrise with the merry leaf.

"Court is a fine place," it said, when the cobbler told it he was going, "but I cannot come there; they would lay snares and catch me; so be careful of the leaves I have brought you, and give me a farewell slice of barley bread."

Spare was sorry to part with the cuckoo, little as he had of its company, but he gave it a slice which would have broken Scrub's heart in former times, it was so thick and large. And having sewed up the leaves in the lining of his leather doublet, he set out with the messenger on his way to court.

His coming caused great surprise there. Every-body wondered what the king could see in such a

common-looking man; but scarcely had his Majesty conversed with him half an hour, when the princess and her seven islands were forgotten and orders given that a feast for all comers should be spread in the banquet hall.

The princes of the blood, the great lords and ladies, the ministers of state, after that discoursed with Spare, and the more they talked the lighter grew their hearts, so that such changes had never been seen at court.

The lords forgot their spites and the ladies their envies, the princes and ministers made friends among themselves, and the judges showed no favor.

As for Spare, he had a chamber assigned him in the palace, and a seat at the king's table. One sent him rich robes, and another costly jewels; but in the midst of all his grandeur he still wore the leathern doublet, and continued to live at the king's court, happy and honored, and making all others merry and content.

Extremes

"This is a good restaurant, isn't it?" said the customer to the waiter who had brought out his order.

"Yes," replied the waiter. "If you order a fresh egg here you get the freshest egg in the world. If you order a cup of coffee you get the best cup of coffee in the world, and—"

"Yes, I believe it," interrupted the customer, "I ordered a small steak."

We Hope

We are opposed to capital punishment, but we hope the guy who stole our spare tire runs into a truck.

Rock Springs Motor Co.

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Rock Springs, Wyo.

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Leading
Store



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Service

WARINNER'S DRUGS JEWELRY

Prescription Specialist

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ROCK SPRINGS

Phone 234

The Real St. Nick

Now here's the way that good St. Nick
 Has always looked to me:
 Well muffled in a scarlet coat
 That reaches to his knee,
 His cheeks as plump and round and red
 As the reddest plum could be;
 With whiskers floating out behind
 Like cotton in the air,
 And underneath his tassled cap
 A rim of wooly hair.
 Oh, can't you see him? Bless his heart!
 If I could have my pick,
 Of all the saints of all the days,
 I'd cling to good St. Nick.

He has a spanking reindeer team—
 Of that we need no proof,
 For haven't we all heard them go
 Trit-trotting o'er the roof?
 And St. Nick scales the chimney-shaft,
 And brushes off the drift,
 And then comes hurling downward
 Like a giant chimney-swift.
 Of course he might come to the door,
 Quite decorous and grand,
 But I hope he keeps to chimneys
 Just as long as chimneys stand.

Some Twins, A Bear and A Christmas Tree

By Sarah E. Mulliken

JO AND JOANNA were twins who lived away off on a woods road that went up the side of a mountain.

The great woods came right down to their back door; so, of course, they had splendid neighbors. There were blue-jays and nuthatches, and woodpeckers, and thrushes, and golden robins, and squirrels, and chipmunks, and rabbits; and sometimes a deer. And they were all friends of the twins.

Now there was only one thing in the world that Jo and Joanna wanted. That was a Christmas tree. At bedtime their mother would tell them of her Christmases when she was a little girl, how she always had a wonderful tree, trimmed with popcorn and cranberries and covered with presents. But Mother lived in a town when she was a child, and Grandfather and Grandmother didn't have to be bakers, butchers, and candle-stick makers, not to speak of being carpenters, dressmakers, farmers, shoemakers, plumbers, and everything else; so they had time to plan Christmas trees for their children.

Jo and Joanna were talking about Christmas one sunny November afternoon as they sat on a rock half way up the mountain. Although it was November, it was so warm and sunny the twins had no coats on, and the animals that hide away in the winter were out sunning themselves.

We Recommend

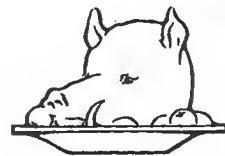
to the Employees of

**The Union Pacific Coal
Company**

as
Christmas Gifts
our

*Mountain
Brand*

**Hams, Bacon
Lard and
Sausage**



**The American
Packing & Provision
Company**

Ogden, Utah

Said Joanna: "I'd go without maple sugar on my griddle-cakes, if we could have a Christmas tree! But we can't!"

And then she stopped and sighed.

Said Jo: "I'd chop wood all day long if we could have a Christmas tree. But we can't!" And he sighed.

And a chickadee over their heads said: "Chick-a-dee, chick-a-dee! What a pitee, what a pitee!"

And a squirrel threw a big acorn at Jo's head, and then one at Joanna's head, just to cheer them up!

But the chickadee stopped short and the squirrel scampered up a tree, for there came tearing over the rocks a little bear cub, giving terrified little grunts and rubbing his poor little nose.

When Jo and Joanna saw the bear cub coming right at them, rubbing his poor little nose, and grunting and squealing, they hurried to meet him, hand in hand. And Jo and Joanna said, "Little bear cub, what is the matter?"

Then they saw what the matter was.

The bear cub had been poking around looking for some honey, and had bumped into a porcupine, and, of course, the porcupine had sent a shower of his needles right into the bear cub's nose! And they hurt his poor, tender, little nose dreadfully and made it look like a pin-cushion.

When Jo and Joanna saw what the trouble was, they said, "Oh, poor little bear cub, let us take out the porcupine quills for you!"

The bear cub was glad enough to have the twins help him. So they pulled out the quills as gently as they could, and Joanna took her little clean handkerchief to the brook, and washed the little bear cub's nose very carefully, and the water felt nice and cool.

Then the twins ran home to supper.

The little bear was very grateful and he grunted, in bear language, "I'd like to do something for those nice twins; but I don't know anything they want."

And the chickadee said, in a chickadee language, of course: "They want a Christmas tree. I heard them say so."

And the squirrel said, in a squirrel language, of course: "And so did I."

Then said the bear, "Let's give them one."

And the chickadee and the squirrel said: "How can we? How can we? We'd like to, for they are nice children. They give us nuts and crumbs."

And the bear said: "Best of all, they picked out porcupine needles for me. They shall have a Christmas tree!"

So the bear cub put on his thinking cap, and he thought, and the thought, and he thought.

The next day he called a council of all the wild creatures that knew Jo and Joanna, and when they heard the little bear cub's plan, the crows cawed, the owls hooted, the rabbits chuckled, the bees

Every SEIBERLING resource backs this

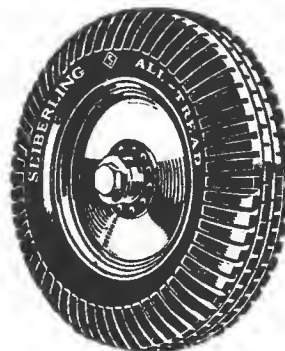
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JOHN E. WHISENAND
ROCK SPRINGS

(This offer applies to
passenger car tires only)



buzzed, the partridges drummed, and everybody started to work on a tremendous surprise for Jo and Joanna.

If you had been at the end of a woods road, half way up a mountain, one moonlit Christmas Eve, you would have seen a queer sight. There was a house at the end of the road, and close up to the house was a pine tree. Up the pine tree climbed a bear cub. What do you suppose were in his paws. Two hornets' nests! And the hornets' nests were filled with honey! And the bear tied them on to the lower branches of the tree with long grasses plaited together.

Hardly had the bear climbed down, when suddenly a flock of chickadees came in sight. They had great long strings of red things in their beaks. What do you suppose they were? Why, checkerberries and partridge-berries, to be sure, all strung on straws

and grasses, put together as only birds can do it. And the birds flew in and out of the branches, until by and by the tree was all garlanded with bright red berries.

Then came a troop of squirrels and chipmunks, and what do you suppose they carried? Why, each had a last year's nest filled with nuts. They put the nests on the branches of the tree.

Then the blue-jays came in sight. You could never guess what they brought. Why, they had made dolls, with oak-apple heads and with feather dresses from the blue-jays' own tails!

The black crows came with snow in their bills, and some with red apples, and they trimmed the tree with them.

When the sun came up, the twins' mother peeped into their room and said: "Merry Christmas, Jo and Joanna! Come and see the red mittens I have knitted for you!"

And the twins' father said: "Merry Christmas, Jo and Joanna! I've some maple candy for you!"

And the twins said: "Merry Christmas, Father and Mother! Thank you! Are they on a Christmas tree?"

Just then the twins' mother looked out of the window and said, "Oh!"

The twins' father looked over her shoulder, and said: "Oh, Oh, Oh!"

And the twins hopped out of bed and looked out

of the window, and they hopped, and danced, and screamed, "Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh!"

For there was the most wonderful tree ever heard of! It sparkled with real snow, it was garlanded with checkerberries and partridge-berries, on its bough hung strange presents, birds' nests and hornets' nests full of nuts and honey, strange dolls and apples!

The whole family rushed out of doors, exclaiming, "Where did these things come from?"

And the little bear cub, hidden in the bushes, grinned.

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T. C. CHIDESTER, Prop.

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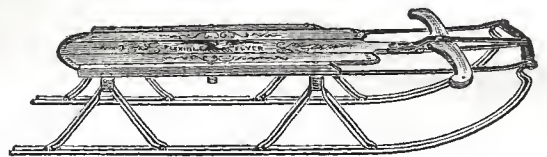
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Will keep most any boy or girl
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The Union Pacific Coal Company Stores

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THE TRITCH HARDWARE CO.

Wholesale Hardware -:- Sporting Goods

DENVER

Christmas Tree Lane

There are many fine streets
 In this good town of mine.
 There's Walnut and Willow,
 Persimmon and Pine;
 And Broad Road and Broad Way
 And High Street and Main—
 But none I love better
 Than Christmas Tree Lane.

You'll seek it in vain
 In all seasons but one
 When snow-clouds are hiding
 The pale winter sun,
 The winds of December
 Blow cold at the pane—
 'Tis then you'll be finding
 This Christmas Tree Lane.

They come with their branches
 Of holly so gay,
 With garlands of ivy,
 And mistletoe spray;
 And dozens of pine-trees
 They bring in their train
 To make the old market
 A Christmas Tree Lane.

The sight and the scent
 Of the sweet smelling pine,
 They set me to dreaming
 An old dream of mine;
 I'd buy all the pine-trees
 The high and the low,
 And trim them with presents
 For children I know.

Yes, deck all the branches
 With candy and toys,
 And send out a message
 For good girls and boys.
 I fancy I hear their
 Glad Carol's refrain
 As slowly I wander
 Down Christmas Tree Lane.



Watching
 For Santa
 Claus



Greetings

To Employees
 of
 The Union Pacific
 Coal Company
 from

Cadet Knitting Company

Philadelphia, Pa.

Manufacturers of

Hosiery
 Sweater Coats
 Fancy Knitted
 Outerwear

For
 Men, Women and
 Children



News About All of Us

Rock Springs

Andrew Farris, Jr., has been confined to his home the past three weeks with an attack of rheumatism.

Mrs. James Libby, of Cheyenne, has been visiting at the home of her son, James Libby, Wardell Court.

Mrs. Dan Kelley and two small daughters of Bitter Creek, are visiting at the home of Mrs. Kelley's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alf. Robertson.

Miss Anna Copyak has returned from a visit with relatives in Pocatello, Idaho.

Tony Radalj is confined to his home with an attack of the flu.

Robert Muir and son, Robert, Jr., are visiting in Southern California. They made the trip by automobile.

Gus Kahus was injured while at work in No. 8 Mine on Wednesday, October 1st, but is now able to be about again.

David Wilde has returned from Cheyenne, where he went for medical treatment to his eyes.

Joe Santich is confined to his home where he is recovering from a severe burn to his face, received when some grease on a stove took fire.

C. U. Smith, who has been employed in No. 8 Mine, has gone to Denver where he expects to locate.

Frank Parr has been transferred from the Lamp House to the Electrical Department, and John Matson is now employed at the Lamp House.

P. J. Ward and family, of Superior, visited at the home of John Retford on Sunday, November 4th.

Little John and Kathleen Sloan entertained several of their small friends at a Halloween party, at their home on M Street, on Tuesday evening, October 30th.

John Kudar is confined to his home with illness.

Pete Pernich returned on Monday, November 5th, from Austria where he spent the past five months visiting with relatives.

Winton

On November 16th the friends of Mrs. Ambrose Allard, formerly Miss Thelma Phillips, entertained at a "shower" in her honor at Mrs. Steneck's home.

Mr. A. J. Kalinowski of New Mexico is visiting friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Campbell of Ogden are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bingham.

Bill Russel is our new Postmaster. Mrs. Annie Thomas is the glad-to-serve you person at the window.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Scanlin, who left the middle of November to reside in California, will be much missed.

The youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Hearn died at the Wyoming General Hospital and the sympathy of our community is extended to the bereaved parents.

Harold Clark and Lucille Pezely have been ill with pneumonia but are now convalescent.

If all "Graf's" were Zeppelins we would have one. Fred A. Graf, a new arrival in our town also hails from Germany.

Roy McDonald, Sr. has been quite ill.

Mrs. Andrew Spence is visiting her parents in Hanna.

"Once in a Blue Moon" went over like a house afire and our Howard Johnson sang one of the principal parts.

Mrs. J. Baird has been ill during the past month.

One more member for the "Tonsil-less Club" is available in the person of Swan Swanson.

Albert Volcic and Morrow Ownby are hunting in the big game country.

A farewell party was tendered Mr. and Mrs. Jack Scanlin by the Woman's Club on November 8th.

Mr. and Mrs. John Nigra are the proud parents of a new daughter.

"as nutritious as a hot breakfast---"

BROWN RICE FLAKES



"REMEMBER, 9 minerals, 4 vitamins, bran and iodine, folks. Eat them every morning in genuine Comet Brown Rice Flakes.

"Remember, too—Nutrition tastes best. Toasty! Crispy! Pop-corny! Eat them for constipation, delicate stomach, intestinal and nervous disorders.

"For other meals, Comet Brown Rice and Comet White Rice produce many tasty dishes. Use same recipes for both. Perfected and protected with Comet's exclusive Hot Pan process. Guaranteed by the world's largest producer of packaged rice, Comet Rice Company, 189 Franklin St., New York."



Card party at Doc Harris' Thursday evening, November 15th. Yes! Yes! Yes! No!!

Rudolph Menghini sticks by Winton. 'Cause why? Winton couldn't get along without him. Yes? No? Yes! Yes!

Superior

Miss Anna Dugas received the chest of silver that was given away at the Crystal Theatre in October.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dean were called to Evanston by the death of Mrs. Dean's grandparent.

Alex Wallace and family and J. W. Smith and family of Orphington, England, were the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Wallace in October.

Mrs. Henry Rizzi was quite ill for several days but is much improved at present.

Misses Vella Wylam, Doris Robinson and Bessie Lamb attended the Annual Home Coming at the University of Wyoming, October 26th.

A farewell party was tendered to Mr. and Mrs. W. Higgins last month at the home of Mrs. John Yedinak. At cards the winners were Mrs. P. Pecolar and Fred Robinson, first; Mrs. A. Smith and Felix Conzatti, second; Mrs. George Noble and Hugh McLean, the consolation. Mr. and Mrs. Higgins left for Laramie to make that place their home. We regret losing them from here, but our good wishes for success go with them.

The Ladies' Aid motored to Rock Springs to spend the day with Mrs. Robt. Sanders, taking her by surprise. They were to meet with her the day of the blizzard but were unable to get there.

Mrs. Lawrence Harsburger submitted to a major operation at the Wyoming General Hospital last month; she is recovering nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Brown and Mr. and Mrs. Milton Arbuckle spent Armistice Day with friends and relatives in Salt Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Smith and Jack and Elvira Powell motored to Rawlins to spend the day with Mrs. Smith's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Higgins, on Armistice Day.

Robt. Guy received word during the latter part of October that his son was born at San Diego, California.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Bertolina left for California to reside. H. L. Levesque purchased their property at South Superior.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Waite are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby daughter born in October.

Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Knill spent several days with Mr. and Mrs. W. Weimer this month.

The High School held their annual carnival at the Opera House November 3rd. Miss Florence Gates was elected Queen of Kkabanoka.

A crowd gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Griff Powell Tuesday evening to listen in on the election returns. At a very late hour a delicious lunch was served by Mrs. Powell which was enjoyed by all.

Mrs. Morris Ellis has been very ill this month. She expects to leave soon for her home in Idaho where it is hoped her health will improve.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Matthew and Mrs. Matt Strannigan visited the McIntosh home on Armistice Day.

Mr. and Mrs. D. K. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Andy Hamilton spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Robinson, November 10th.

Mr. Albert Marietti of "E" Mine was killed by a fall of rock Friday, November 9th. He is survived by a wife and six children. He was buried from the South Side Catholic Church at Rock Springs; interment was in St. Joseph's cemetery.

Miss Bessie Nugent is confined to her home with small pox.

Mrs. Louie Kaldinas entertained her 500 Club Tuesday, November 13th. Prizes were won by Mrs. Wm. Ferrell, first; Mrs. Steve Dugas, second; Mrs. Wm. Van Valkenburg, consolation. A lovely lunch was served at the close of the evening.

When—

Xmas comes.
It's time to pay the taxes.
Your life insurance comes due.

Do you wonder where the money's coming from?

Put these yearly expenses on a monthly basis. Each month put the amounts per month in a SAVINGS ACCOUNT and you won't be worried next time it's time to pay.

FIRST SECURITY BANK
OF ROCK SPRINGS, WYO.



Greetings



Miss Sailor's

Unusual Chocolates

Hanna

A baby boy arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Hudson on October 12th.

A very interesting P. T. A. meeting was held at the school building on Thursday, October 18th. Mr. Chalander gave a very good talk and Mr. Chas. Ainsworth gave her report of the Congress held at Casper. A piano duet was rendered by Mrs. O. C. Buehler and daughter, Margaret. After the meeting a reception was held for the teachers.

Mrs. John Hughes and children have returned from Colorado, where they visited relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Fearn and daughter, Ruby, Mrs. Annie Tate, and Mrs. Wm. Tate motored to Laramie on Sunday, October 28th, to visit Letha Fearn and Leona Tate who are attending the University.

The Girl Scouts Senior Patrol entertained the smaller girls at a Hallowe'en party on Monday, October 29th. All the girls appeared in costume and after playing several games a delicious lunch was served.

As the result of a contest held in the Methodist Sunday School between the Reds and the Blues, a dinner was given at the First Aid Hall on October 24th by the Blues, who were the losers, in honor of the Reds.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wright attended the wedding of their daughter, Jane Wright, to Robert Houston, at Greeley, Colorado, on Wednesday, October 31st. Mrs. Wm. Wright accompanied them.

Sympathy is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Gillespie in the death of their infant son.

Mr. and Mrs. Mike Taccalone announce the arrival of a baby boy on October 14th.

A dance was given by the Pythian Sisters on October 27th. A large crowd attended.

Miss Hilda Peterson, who was employed as clerk at the Company Store, has announced her marriage to Matt Matson, which took place in Green River, Wyo., on June 10th. She resigned her position on October 31st, and will make her home in Rawlins, where Mr. Matson is employed.

The funeral of Jack Walsh, who died on November 1st after a short illness, was held on November 6th at the Catholic Church. The deceased was the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Walsh of Hanna, being 21 years old when he died. He is survived by his parents and two brothers, James and Thomas. Interment was made in the Hanna cemetery. Sincere sympathy is extended to the family in their loss.

Mr. and Mrs. Gal Norris, and Mr. and Mrs. William Norris of Rock Springs were called to Hanna by the serious illness of Jack Walsh.

A baby girl arrived at the home of Mrs. Heber Morris on Saturday, October 27th.

Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Withrow are the proud parents of a baby boy born on October 21st.

The funeral of Jacob Filipula, who died at his ranch near Elk Mountain, was held at the Episcopal Church on Friday, November 9th. The deceased was well known in Hanna where he had many friends. He had worked in Hanna several years ago previous to moving out in the country. He is survived by his wife, two daughters, Mrs. A. Heikkila of Hanna, and Mrs. Claud Lewis, and two sons, Edward and Leonard. Interment was made in the Hanna Cemetery.

The American Legion gave a dance at Love's Dance Hall on November 10th. Music was furnished by Jackson's Dance Band, and a large crowd attended.

Armistice Day was celebrated on Monday, November 12th, by a parade at 1:30 of the ex-soldiers and the Hanna Band, after which the following program was given in the theatre:

"America" Hanna Band
 American Legion Ceremony.
 Address Mr. T. H. Butler
 Selection Hanna Band
 Address Mr. D. R. Higley
 Selection Hanna Band
 Benediction Rev. Bacon

DODGE BROTHERS

New Senior Six

A Big Roomy, Quality Car

⌈ DODGE—Dependable ⌋
 and Thoroughly Smart ⌋

Thousands of hard-to-please motorists recognize in Dodge Brothers New Senior precisely the kind of car they have always wanted—a big, roomy, quality Six, Dodge-dependable and thoroughly smart.

The elegant simplicity of New Senior lines, the richness and warmth of New Senior colors, appeal equally to the conservative buyer and those who demand a car with style, character and dash.

Extra large doors for convenient entrance and exit, wide seats, deep and luxurious cushions, a delightful completeness and harmony of appointments (including specially designed body hardware)—all have contributed materially to the sweeping gains in New Senior popularity.

The New Senior line, comprising eight distinguished body types, presents an unusual opportunity for choice of colors and upholstery fabrics.

And the performance of this great Six is all you would expect from a product of Dodge Brothers sponsored by the genius of Walter P. Chrysler.

Let us place a Senior demonstrator in your hand for an hour—or a day. It will be a pleasure to us—and a revelation to you.

McCurtain Motor Co.

Phone 601

ROCK SPRINGS

The program was completed at the soldiers' monument near the school, where the band played "The Star Spangled Banner" and a bomb was shot off.

Mrs. Mangan received a telegram announcing the arrival of a son at the home of her daughter, Mrs. O. L. Reidesel, on Sunday, November 11th, at Laramie, Wyoming.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Butler and Robert Cardwell attended the funeral of Tom Cardwell at Laramie, on November 13th.

The Girl Scouts gave a program at the First Aid Hall on the evening of November 12th.

A miscellaneous shower was given in honor of Mrs. Matt Matson, nee Hilda Peterson, at the home of Miss Lempi Annala, on November 13th.

"THE SIDEWALKS OF OUR HANNA TOWN"

Now the election's over;
Won are the bets of Al and Hoover
To lose or not to lose, or win.
Things of the past, the battle's din
We turn our thoughts that will not down
The Sidewalks of Our Hanna Town,
Sidewalks of Our Hanna Town!
You tell 'em we appreciate
The Sidewalks of Our Hanna Town.

We like to strut on Front street
Where years ago trod muddy feet,
No lights to shine upon dark night
But now we have electric light.
New York's sidewalks have nothing on
The Sidewalks of Our Hanna Town.
Sidewalks of Our Hanna Town!
You tell 'em we appreciate
The Sidewalks of Our Hanna Town.

—H. E. C., November 13, 1928.

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done more to abolish drudg-
ery than any other known
agency.

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FOR A
Merry X-mas
1928



ALL THE
LATEST TOYS
ARE HERE

Santa Claus
HAS MADE
HIS
Headquarters
AT OUR STORE

DOLLS

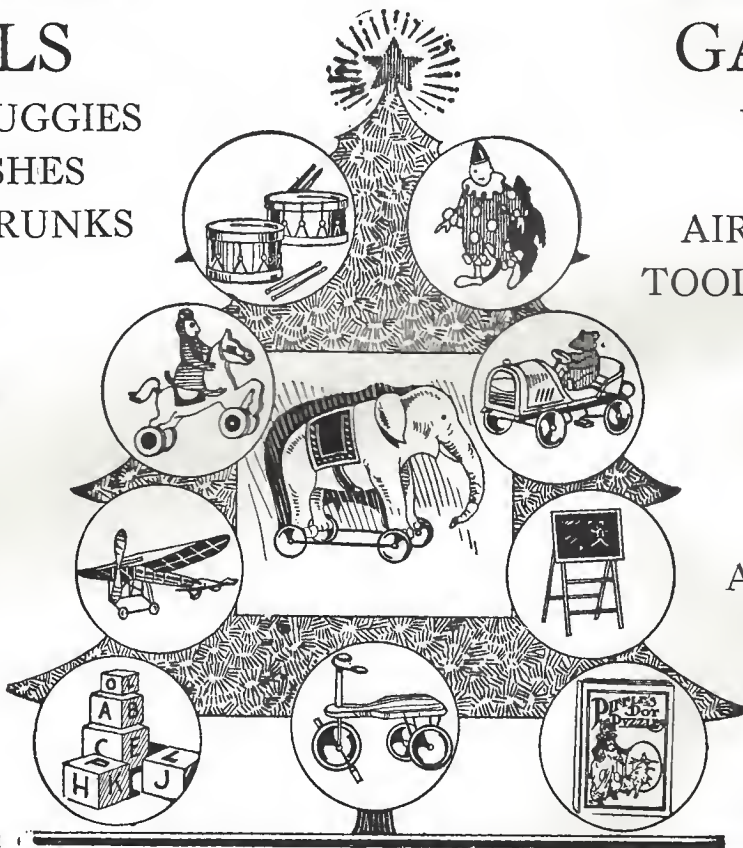
DOLL BUGGIES
TOY DISHES
DOLL TRUNKS
BOOKS

GAMES

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SLEDS
AIR PLANES
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Many
Gifts
For
Girls
Here



A Large
Assortment
of
TOYS
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BOYS

A Gift for Every Member of the Family
May Easily Be Had at These Stores

THE UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY

CUMBERLAND
HANNA
ROCK SPRINGS

RELIANCE
SUPERIOR
WINTON

Reliance

Johnny Grow is still confined to his home with a protracted attack of rheumatism.

Catherine Hartney has been visiting her grandparents while convalescing from an attack of the flu. Grandma Ebeling's cookies are said to have been a great help.

Mr. James McPhie, Assistant Foreman at Reliance, was married on Saturday, November 17th, to Mrs. Dora Love of Rock Springs and is receiving the warmest good wishes of his many home town friends.

Alex Spence has been ill with the flu.

Mrs. Harry Lawrence is about again after being confined to the house with a sprained knee.

Everybody was relieved to have "Butch" Ebeling back in the shop. Others may sell meat but only our own butcher advises what to buy, how to cook and how long it takes to cook, our purchases.

Zack Portwood has returned to the mine after a week's illness.

The Relief Society held an all day quilting party at the Woman's Club Room recently and had a profitable and happy time.

Mrs. J. Uscishiso of No. One has returned from a trip to California.

Cumberland

Miss Julian Fabian is attending a business college in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Mrs. John Giorgis spent several days at Winton visiting at the home of Mrs. John Campbell.

Miss Helen Titmus, Hilda Draycott and Corrine Tremelling gave a delightful Hallowe'en party at the meeting house on October 18th.

Harold Homan and family spent a week's vacation at Ogden during October.

Mrs. John Goddard and Mrs. Thos. Dodds entertained the sewing club at its December meeting. Miss Pauline Bunting was a special guest at the home of Mrs. Goddard.

Mrs. Angelo Gram-maccia is visiting her parents at Marysville, California.

Chas. Bertoline and family left November 10th for Marysville, California, after a month's visit. Mr. Bertoline will return to Cumberland leaving his family in California for the winter.

Miss Anite Pantalone and Nick Callas of Kemmerer were



Jackie and Bobby Martin, children of Mr. and Mrs. D. Martin, Cumberland.

married in Salt Lake City, Utah, and are residing at Kemmerer.

Miss Joye Wilde has recovered from her recent operation.

Alex Johnson spent several days at the Salt Lake clinic receiving medical attention. Since his return home he is feeling much better.

Clarence Johnson and family are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chris Johnson. Mrs. Johnson has been ill for several days.

Dr. P. McCrann of Evanston, Wyoming, has accepted the position as camp doctor.

Clyde Homan is ill and unable to be at work.

Bert Ballantyne of Ogden has been in Cumberland visiting friends.

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JOHN AND JOE MATKOVITCH, *Proprietors*

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HIGH GRADE SHOE REPAIRING
.....

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ROSE *FLOWER* SHOP

BYRON DAY, *Proprietor*

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Plants, Cut Flowers, Christmas Wreaths,
Holly and Christmas trees. Place your
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BEST CIGARS,
ALL KINDS GINGER ALES

We cannot sell all the Candies but we
handle the best.



Tommy Dodds,
Popular young bandsman of
Cumberland.

Tono

Mrs. Stahlberg and her two daughters visited with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hann, over a recent week-end. Mrs. E. C. Way and Mrs. Fern Boardman made their

monthly trip to the County Library at Olympia in the interests of our town library.

Everybody was glad to learn that Mrs. Anna Friend is doing nicely after an operation at the Sweet hospital.

Even the middle of November can't keep some folks from enjoying the out-of-doors. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Murray and Misses Jean and Irene spent a November week-end at Hoods Canal.

Hallowe'en parties were the general order of procedure during the last week of October.

Mrs. James Corcoran, who has been ill at St. Luke hospital, is convalescing at her home.

Mrs. Lottie Spurlock and R. Spurlock of Portland are guests at the E. R. Rogers home.

Mr. David Gilfillan attended the Father and Son Banquet in Centralia recently.

The Ladies' First Aid Club held its first meeting of the year with Mrs. Ernest Barber and Mrs. Wm. Forsythe and enjoyed getting together again after the summer recess. Mrs. William Barber, President, outlined plans for the coming year.

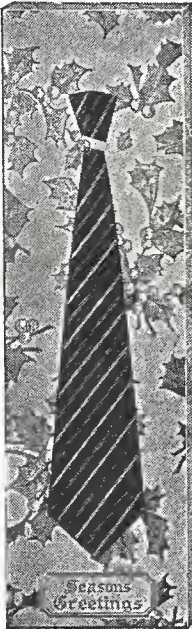
Mrs. G. C. Sloan, a former Tono resident, sends news of the birth of her little daughter, Miss Joan Marie.

Miss Hazel Kidder, home demonstration agent of Thurston County, made an all day visit to our Woman's Club House recently and gave instruction in the making of foot stools and felt hats. Mrs. Bert Boardman and Mrs. E. R. Rogers led in noon-time pep songs, and Mrs. Tom Warren and Mrs. Homer Sandusky were luncheon hostesses.

Mr. and Mrs. Redmond Paul of American Lake have been visiting here.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Martina have a new car—in which to take fishing trips.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley French, Miss Helen French and Mr. Frank Nelson, of Centralia, were guests at a smartly appointed dinner given in their honor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Isaacson.

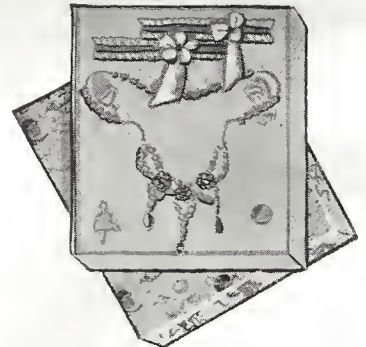


For Father

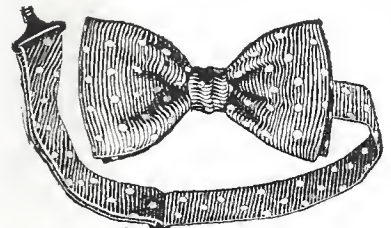
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For Mother and Daughter



For Son

WASHINGTON UNION COAL COMPANY STORE
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The only washer in which you can use the Duo-Disc in bottom of tub for washing a few pieces at a time, requiring only a minimum of water, or which can be used as an overhead agitator for washing the heavy and bulky pieces. It washes a tubful in either position.



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CANNED VEGETABLES



are known to
all housewives

of

Southern Wyoming

AS THE PEAK

of

Good Quality



For sale at all Stores

OF

**THE UNION PACIFIC
COAL COMPANY**



I am The Office Duster

The Holidays

Oh, the holidays are
jolly days of happiness and cheer!
The holly wreaths and holly
cards and holly stamps are here.
There's holly in the window too, and on
the chandelier.
Oh, they're jolly days, these holly days,
When Christmas time is near.

Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer.

Please Santa don't forget to bring this maga-
zine a nice new dress. We're all expecting it
and it isn't nice to be disappointed at Christmas time.

Bill and Tad don't think much of the idea of having a
world Christmas tree. They say Santa forgets half the
things they want, under the system of a tree to a home.
he might go and overlook them altogether if his range of
vision had to be increased so enormously at a given time.

Look in Santa's book to see if your name is included.
Of course there are several thousand nine hundred and
seventy-two unturned pages. It's probably on one of them.
However, after the manner of Prof. B — — —, there are
some members of the class who will have to — — — — —
— — — — — in order to — — — — —.

If the Duster's eyesight isn't in need of artificial aids that
would seem to be Eddie Morgan's name on Santa's book.
But there are still twenty-four days before Christmas.
Where's the wood-box the cook wants filled?

Dear old Dickens, what would Christmas be without you?
No, Eddie, we didn't mean you.

Arthur Anderson says he's wearing a purple tie because
it was a Christmas gift and — — — — — it's only three
weeks till Christmas Day.

Gnomes watching. Dear me, who next?

Letters

In winter, when the dark comes soon and toys are on the
shelf,
I sit beneath the table and write letters to myself.
From one myself that goes to church in best new hat and
coat
To t'other one that makes mud pies I write a little note.
There's one that's postmarked "Wonderland," from Alice,

so I see,
To come some day and take with her a nice made cup
of tea.
The Little Lame Prince writes to me from his high lonely
tower,
He'll lend to me his traveling cloak when I've an extra hour.
A post card from Mother Goose begins: "My dear! My
dear!"
And a funny note signed "Santa Claus" says "Christmas
Day is near!"
And as I start to write replies, when everyone I've read,
The tea bell rings, and crawling out, I always bump my head.
—Hilda W. Smith.

The Duster says the above poem carries sixteen "What
to give for Christmas" ideas. See if you can find them and
don't forget a table with longer legs so little folks won't
bump their heads.

When it's Christmas morn in Cumberland
And Santa's Day is here
We know that in every single town
The merriest time is near.

And we like to feel that all of us
Are rejoicing all together
And having our share of Christmas cheer
Whatever, whatever the weather.

How to Obtain a Choice Seat for a Standing-Room-Only Show:

Be elected mayor.
Win a beauty contest.
Join the orchestra.
Write the star.
Marry the star.
Buy the theater.—Life.

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The Corbett Ice Cream Company

DENVER, COLORADO

Quality Ice Cream

ON SALE AT
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Seasonal Greetings

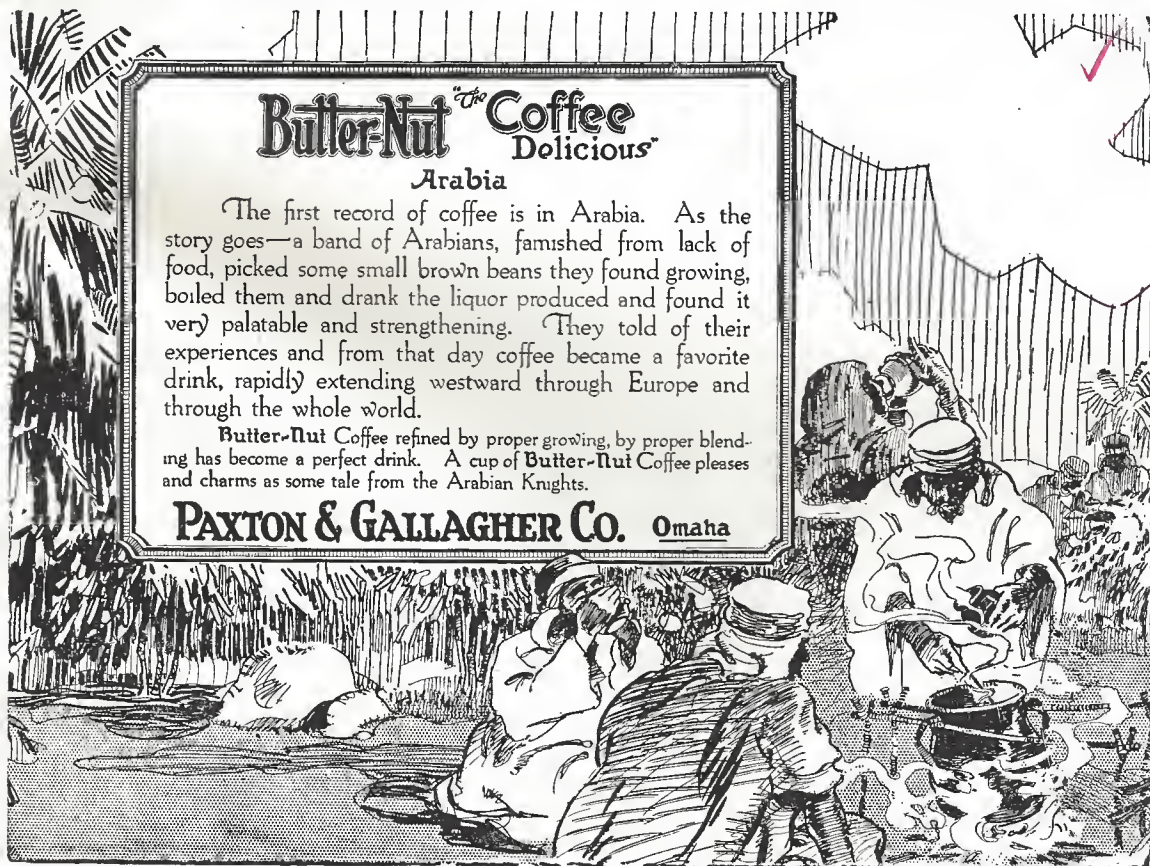
Butter-Nut^{the} Coffee Delicious

Arabia

The first record of coffee is in Arabia. As the story goes—a band of Arabians, famished from lack of food, picked some small brown beans they found growing, boiled them and drank the liquor produced and found it very palatable and strengthening. They told of their experiences and from that day coffee became a favorite drink, rapidly extending westward through Europe and through the whole world.

Butter-Nut Coffee refined by proper growing, by proper blending has become a perfect drink. A cup of Butter-Nut Coffee pleases and charms as some tale from the Arabian Nights.

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Give Us a Call

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\$10,000.00 Was Too Much

THEY say that Lincoln was once offered a \$10,000 a year job, but declined because he thought it would be impossible for one man to earn such an enormous sum. Today a salary of \$10,000.00 a year would awaken no comment.

The worth of anything—whether it is a man's service, or a piece of merchandise, is entirely a matter of opinion, and changes from day to day. That is why we never quote comparative prices. When a dress or suit is marked down because it has been in our stock for several weeks, we do not mention its former price because it is no longer worth that much. Its style-value has depreciated.

Yesterday's prices like yesterday's ideas of salaries must be revised to meet today's needs.

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Occident Flour makes better bread—and bread that keeps fresh longer. You'll notice a remarkable difference in taste and texture.

OCCIDENT FLOUR

is guaranteed to be better than any flour you have ever used. Order a sack today. If it does not more than please you, the full purchase price will be refunded by your dealer.

The RUSSELL-MILLER MILLING CO., Minneapolis, Minn.

For These Wintry Mornings serve

THE FAMOUS MAYFLOWER

Ham

Bacon *or*

Sausages

—they hit the spot

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National Tailoring Co.,

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thanks the employees of The Union Pacific Coal Co. for
their valuable patronage and takes this
occasion to extend

Best Wishes of the Season to All.



WE SELL the

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*Because we think—
It is the Best Made*

ASK FOR THEM

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TO THE EMPLOYEES OF
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...FROM...

The Home of Golden Dream Coffee

*Brings Cheer Every
Day in the Year to
Thousands of Families
Here and Everywhere*

IT IS INDEED
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The dollars you invest in Life Insurance purchase more protection than ever before.

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Apart from the money benefits of the Christmas Club there are many other great advantages. You form the splendid habit of planning ahead, and it's the man or woman who plans and then carries out their plan who wins in this world. You form the valuable habit of thrift. You learn the value of money. You see the substantial amounts of money which can be gained by depositing small sums regularly. And that is the way great fortunes are built.

Join our 1929 Christmas Club now.

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Representative
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Cookies—Cakes—CrackersLook for the lucky Four-Leaf Clover
Brand of SUPREME deliciousness!**THE MERCHANTS BISCUIT CO.**
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— of —

ROCK SPRINGS, WYO.

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Surplus	75,000.00
Undivided Profits	12,653.47
Deposits	2,002,061.48

Total.....\$2,164,714.95

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Owned by Home People

WESTERN AUTO TRANSIT COMPANY

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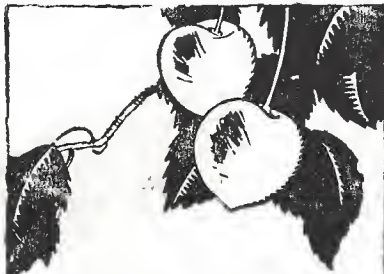
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Blue Pine Coffee is
FRESH — a taste
will prove it.

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**BLUE
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IMPORTED CLUNY LACE
COMPLETE LINE OF LAYETTES,
BAPTISM OUTFITS, ETC.

APPRECIATION

We have appreciated your continued patronage of our stores during year 1928. We have endeavored, to the utmost, to render you a real service by supplying you the best in quality at a reasonable price. We will during the coming new year, through every department of our stores, work to merit a continuance of your patronage and good will; with this our foremost desire, our whole organization wishes you

*A Merry Christmas and
A Happy New Year.*

The Union Pacific Coal Company Stores